

THE
BITTER.
A "772. a. 17

COMEDY.

Written by *N. ROWE*, Esq;

*Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vers
Auriculas? Videbis, ne majorum tibi forte
Limina frigescant; sonat hic de nare canina
Litera.* Pers. Sat. 1.



LONDON:
Printed for J. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCXXXVI.

P

Y O

These

But I

No Si

We fi

And i

Nor l

Look j

Expec

But r

'Tis s

Our l

Wher

Biter.

To ba

Or by

But t

Of th

For th

And i

Let

In yo

For t

And

Yet o

And

Nay,

He o

And

So w

The S

And



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

YOU, who in furious Factions take Delight,
Know, you are not to be regal'd to-night ;
These Scenes do no one sparring Blow afford,
But Peace and Moderation is the Word :
No Side, nor Man on either Side is bit,
We single out no Courtier, Clown, or Cit,
And if you're angry, 'tis all wrong, you're bit.
Nor let the well bred Man, of Parts and Taste,
Look sharp for Dainties at a Country Feast ;
Expect no sprightly Turns, nor Language here,
But rest contented with your homely Chear,
'Tis such as we could get at Croydon Fair.
Our Men of Mirth have never been at Court,
Where Beaux and Belles, and gentler Wits resort,
Biters indeed ! and of the better sort.
To bare bambour'ling we may chance pretend,
Or by the Gbrisfen Name to catch a Friend ;
But to some happier Wit we leave to tell,
Of those who in true Biting most excel.
For that great Work old Bards shall rise again,
And the Sicilian Maids renew the lofty Strain.

Let not a Rival Writer stir up Spight
In you, who judge of Comedy, or write ;
For tho' fond Parents on their Off-spring doat,
And ev'ry Ideot Author loves the Brat he got ;
Yet ours gives freely up his Petit Piece,
And swears that you may use it as you please :
Nay, should you take his Drolling in good part,
He owns this only as a youthful Start,
And sets no Claim up to the Comick Art.
So when keen Patriots pursue the Chase,
The Shifting Statesman yields, and sues for Grace,
And to preserve his Carcase quits his Place.



E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

O F all the Taxes which the Poet pays,
Those Funds of Verse, none are so hard to raise
As Prologues and as Epilogues to Plays.
So many mighty Wits are gone before,
They've rifled all the Muses sacred Store;
Like Conqu'ring Armies thro' the Province pass'd,
Swept all, and left it ruin'd, void and waste.
Yet, Conscientious You can still demand
Large Contributions from the wretched Land;
Expect that we should still pursue the Theme,
Tho' you deny to us, what you allow'd to them.

Bold Satire then you did permit to reign,
Satire, that Noise and Nonsense could restrain;
Then to be pleas'd and taught the Hearers came,
They got Instruction, and the Poet Fame.
Then Strephon's Verse to either Sex gave Law,
And charm'd the Fair, and kept the Fools in Awe.
But now, for Reasons to your selves best known,
Your Fathers' Wit and Pleasures you disown;
Hither ye Herds of Fools securely come;
Prologue and Epilogue,
Your ancient Foes, are muzzled now and dumb.

We Women think it hard, when Laws prevail
That take away our Privilege to rail;
Maids, Wives and Mistresses, assert the Cause,
In spight of Reformation and the Laws:
And tho' the censur'd Stage no Tales must tell,
Yet Visiting-Days and Tea may do as well.

Hence-

Hence
Our
Let no
What
Let en
Her fa
But le
Let Se

Tell
Displa
Then
Empl
Lash
And

EPILOGUE.

Henceforth, in solemn Meetings of the Fair,
Our own dear Sex and all their Failings spare;
Let no ill-natur'd She severely say
What hideous ill-dress'd Things she saw that Day:
Let envious Ugliness no more reprove
Her fairer Friend's successful Pow'r in Love;
But let each able Tongue do all she can,
Let Satire be the Word, and the whole Subject Man.

Tell of dull Knights, sad Squires, and wretched Cits,
Displaying Poets, and brisk biting Wits;
Then say what Wine, what Friends, what choice Delights,
Employ their dull Days, and yet duller Nights;
Lash ev'ry Fool of ev'ry Kind and Fation,
And be the true Reformers of the Nation.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Timothy Tallapoy, An East India Merchant, very Rich, in Love with Mariana, a great Affection of the Chinese Customs.	Mr. Betterton.
Pinch, A Biting Squire.	Mr. Pack.
Clerimont, Nephew to Sir Timothy.	Mr. Verbruggen.
Friendly, In Love with Angelica.	Mr. Booth.
Scribblescrabble, A City Sollicitor.	Mr. Leigh.
Bandileer, A Foot Soldier.	Mr. Knap.
Trick, Servant to Friendly.	Mr. Fieldhouse.
Grumble, Servant to Pinch.	Mr. Trout.
Bohee, Servant to Timothy.	Mr. Freeman.

W O M E N.

Lady Stale, An affected amorous old Widow.	Mrs. Leigh.
Mariana, Privately marry'd to Clerimont, and related to Friendly.	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Angelica, Daughter to Sir Timothy.	Mrs. Mountfort.
Mrs. Clever.	Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Scribblescrabble.	Mrs. Lawson.

Servants belonging to Sir Timothy, Two Whores.

S C E N E, C R O Y D O N.

T H E



THE BITTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Country Town.*

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. Friendly stays somewhat long, for so passionate a Person as he seems to be. This Laziness in Love looks as if Matrimony had gone before, and the best part of the Business had been over. — Oh Trick !

Enter Trick.

Where's your Master ?

Trick. He'll be here in a minute, Sir ; just get rid of a little Misfortune that follows him.

Cler. Misfortune ! What Misfortune ?

Trick. My Lady Stale.

Cler. The Devil ! Is she with him ?

Trick. Too true, Sir : — Your ancient Gentlewoman is a tenacious Animal — they seldom loose their hold 'till they have drawn Blood ; — tho' to give my Master his due, he lives after a frank manner enough

with her ; — he'll make no scruple of dropping her, leave her to daggle about the Fair by her self, at the first Stop she makes ; we shall have him here presently — See, didn't I tell you so? Sir?

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Dear Clerimont, I have Ten Thousand Pardons to beg of you; I trespass upon your Patience at a strange rate.

Cler. Dear Sir, truce with your Compliments ; and if you please, let us come to the Matter in Hand — Yon new House is my Uncle's.

Trick. 'Twou'd ha' made your Honour a pretty Seat, if you had not fallen out with him.

Cler. He has been there with his Daughter these Three Days, — you are in love with her, have a mind to marry her, — he's a fantastical obstinate old Fellow, and resolves against parting either with her or his Money, but to a Coxcomb of his own chusing; who (by the way) came down in the same Coach with me to-day, — so that unless we can find out some Stratagem to make an Ass of him, and a happy Man of you, poor Angelica must die a Maid, or marry the Fool, as aforesaid.

Friend. In order to that we have already taken all measures, tho' I must own I apprehend some Difficulty in the Execution of 'em. — Did the Booby Lover that came with you, know you?

Cler. Not at all. — I'll assure you he's a most extraordinary Person, and a Biter, as his miserable Fellow-Travellers, the very Coachman, and indeed every Body we met upon the Road, found to their Cost.

Friend. The Devil he is! That new Generation of Wags are the most insufferable Teizers! — It happens luckily enough; for your Uncle has met with 'em some where or other, and I suppose has been bit to the purpose, for he raves at the very mention of the Word, iwearrs 'tis a villainous Design to corrupt all our Morality, and breed up our Youth in the Practice of early Lying ; he hopes to see it made Felony by Act of Parliament. — I perceive my Rival will hardly prove so formidable as we took him to be.

Trick.

Trick. Fear nothing, Sir; Rug's the Word, all's safe. For the old Gentleman, leave him to me. This Fair-time gives his Country Neighbours a Liberty of coming to his House, tho' the Inside of it at another time is as hard to be seen as a fortified Place in the time of War,— but the Devil's in him if he can keep us out now:— I have engaged two or three very pretty Fellows here of the Town to be of the Party with us, smart Dogs for the contriving part, and of most invincible passive Courage to go thro' with the Execution, — they have had the Honour to be beaten black and blue in several Adventures already.

Cler. For the rest, the lovely *Mariana*, your charming Kinswoman, has engag'd a notable Limb of the Law, a City Solicitor, in your Interests; — if there be any thing in his way of Roguery to do you Service, you may depend upon him. My Uncle is luckily enough too in Love with *Mariana*, to a very ridiculous Extravagance; and when a Woman of Wit and Beauty has an old Fellow under those Circumstances, she seldom fails of a Secret to make him pliant.

Friend. But can you, who are so delicate a Lover, allow *Mariana* to make any advances to this extravagant Uncle of yours?

Cler. To trust you then with a Secret of the last Importance, you must know I have been marry'd to her this Week.

Friend. To *Mariana*!

Cler. She has made me the happiest Man in the World.

Friend. Does your Uncle know any thing of this Matter?

Cler. Not a Syllable, I have been so long upon scurvy Terms with him, that I thought 'twou'd be to little purpose to ask his Consent.

Trick. Sir, Sir, as I live, yonder's Mrs. Clever; — Mr. Clerimont is in Disgrace with his Uncle, and I being in somewhat scoundrelish, or, as your Hononr calls it, [To Cler.] scurvy Terms with him my self, what if we thou'd retain her for an opening Counsel towards him?

Cler. Ha! lucky enough.

Friend.

Friend. 'Sdeath ! She's an intimate Friend of my Lady Stale's.

Trick. Ah dear Sir, she hath a violent Passion for Money ; — she loves it better, not than any thing, I won't say that of her neither, but than any Friend that ever she had, from her God fathers and God-mothers to the last new Acquaintance she made.

Cler. Pr'ythee call her — I have been mightyly in her Books of late.

Trick. Hum ! not altogether so proper just now ; — my Lady Stale has join'd her, and they are both coming this way.

Friend. Let's be gone ; — I would not see her. — And d'ye hear, Sirrah, contrive some way to rid us of my Lady Stale ; — that unlucky amorous Five and Forty Face of hers is a meer Omen of ill Fortune, — I wish we may never meet her 'till our Projects are past crossing.

Trick. I warrant you, Sir : And for Mrs. Clever, you may reckon the thing done ; — you may depend upon her, as much as the French King does upon his Cousin of Bavaria.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lady Stale and Mrs. Clever.

Stale. Well, dear Clever, never talk, for this Croydon is a most insufferable filthy Place.

Clev. There's a great deal of Hurry, Dust and Noise indeed. And yet so there are at *May Fair* and *Bartholomew Fair*, where all the World come. — Methinks this Place is as diverting as those are, and the People are as merry here as there, tho' they are not so well dress'd.

Stale. Dres'd ! the Creatures ! why, Child, Dressing's a reasonable thing — one must have a fine Wit, delicate and well turn'd, to be able to Dress — The Things that come here never think, they love Walnuts and Sack, and fat Goose, and seeing of Monsters, and laughing à *Gorge déployée*, but they never think. — Well, I am perfectly glad I have met thee. — I'll swear I believe I am the only Woman of Condition here. — I'll swear I am in the last Confusion to think I could have so much Complaisance for *Friendly* to come hither. — I'll swear I believe you

must

must think me furiously fond, to let him engage me in a Party so horribly upon the Ridiculous.

Clev. We have dropt him some where in the Crowd, and I fancy 'tis that makes you so uneasy. — Come, Madam, confess, is it not Jealousy, rather than Complaisance, engages you in all *Friendly's* Parties? To give the Man his due, methought he was not so very pressing for your Company hither.

Stale. Jealous! poor *Clever!* I jealous of the Fellow! I swear, Madam, you're as much mistaken, Madam, as perhaps you ever were in your Life, Madam. After all, when one is made so very much to one's Advantage, so agreeable, so handsom, so every thing in the World, and when one has so fine a Discernment to understand it very well one's self.—Jealousy is a Passion that perhaps after all is as little troublesome as any Passion in the World.

Clev. Oh Madam! all the World must confess how bountiful Nature has been to you, even to the last Prodigality of Gifts and Graces.

Stale. Why really, and between Friends, Child, I don't think my Person has done Nature one jot of Discredit—What do you think? ha! as long as good Faces have been in Fashion, she never finish'd one more to her Reputation.

Clev. Ay, ay, Madam, take your Person all together, you have all the reason in the World to be satisfied with it.

Stale. Nay, my Dear, that I am, upon my Word; — for, as I was saying, I think I may, without Affectation, aver that I am handsom, rich, nay and young too, in spight of all the little insignificant World may say to the contrary.

Clev. Why that's true — that same World is the Devil — the ridiculous ways they have got in that World! — You shall have 'em, when they are vex'd at their Hearts that they grow old themselves, fancy that every Body else grows old in Proportion as they do: You shall have 'em, because they happen'd to Dance at a Ball with a Woman, in the merry Days of King *Charles the Second*, cry, Smoak the reverend Gentlewoman;

woman ; tho' she has as much Cherry-colour'd Ribbon, and black Hair fruz'd out as any Toast of 'em all, and never miss'd the Front-Box of a new Play these Thirty Years.

Stale. The World is full of Impertinences —— but you may take my Word for it, that I am young, very young.

Clev. Oh dear Madam ! you don't think there is any Occasion to convince me of it ?

Stale. No, Child, not at all as to that ; — but besides now, besides all these Accomplishments, I ought to pique my self somewhat upon my Birth and Family.

Clev. Why, this is very hard now, as to this damn'd World again.

Stale. As how, dear *Clever* ?

Clev. As how ? why that there should be such a thing as Scandal — that Virtue and Merit, like your Ladyship's, should run the Gauntlet thro' so many Visiting Days every Week. — Why, I believe I have heard a thousand People say, that you never had Father or Mother, Uncle or Aunt, Sister or Brother, that your self or any other Body knew of — nay, not so much as a Husband, tho' your Ladyship has had the Misfortune to be a disconsolate Widow for so many Years last past.

Stale. This is pleasant, I vow ! but, dear *Clever*, this is particularly pleasant — the ridiculous World ! as if every Body did not know my Family. — I'd have 'em to comprehend I have two as fine young Gentlemen as ever wore Gown at the University — the worst of 'em (and indeed I think that is *Jeremy*) the worst of 'em understands Hebrew — And then my Niece at Hackney is the prettiest witty Creature.

Clev. Ah, Madam, 'tis not your Fertility is in Question, no Body can have the Impudence to dispute that Part of your Family — Your Posterity is all safe, but 'tis concerning your Illustrious Ancestors that the Doubt is rais'd.

Stale. Folly to the last degreee — I swear you begin to be mighty entertaining.

Clev. You'll pardon me, Madam, that I have dealt so very

very freely with your Ladyship — You'll allow for the Sincerity of Friendship.

Stale. Oh by all means, my Dear, you wrong me to suspect the contrary — I have Wit enough to see above the little Envy of those talkings things — besides I am Rich, have a Fortune, *Argent Comptant*, Child.

Clev. A Fortune !

Stale. Ay, *Clever*, a Fortune.

Clev. Nay, then I don't wonder at your being above what the World can say of you. — Positively no Body can be out of Humour that has Money enough.

Stale. I think I have some kind of an Inclination to Mr. *Friendly* — the Man loves me to Folly ; — I am pleas'd he should do so, and, in short, I intend he shall marry me within these two Days.

Clev. Well, Madam, I wish you good Success — but the World, that has been so ill-natur'd to dispute one Husband with you, may try to hinder you of another — therefore have a Care, and make sure of your Man while you can have him. — Between the Wars abroad, and the many pressing Occasions at home, Men are scarce.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. My Lady *Stale* ! Is it possible that I should meet you here ?

Stale. *Mariana* ! this is the very Predestination of good Fortune — my Dear, Dear, incomparable Dear ! — But, Child ! what, are you alone ?

Mar. Oh no, Madam, — the Diversions of this Place draw so much Company to 'em, that 'twould be almost impossible to come alone, especially in a Stage-Coach — To deal freely with you, I came hither upon an Engagement with Mr. *Clerimont*.

Stale. And the rest of your Company ?

Mar. Gallant and engaging to the last degree. A Templer, a Lady of Wit and Pleasure, and a notable Man of Busines out of the City.

Clev. I suppose your Ladyship can give a very good Account of the Inns-of-Court Gallantry ?

Mar.

Mar. Oh, Mrs. Clever, your Servant. — You have brought your usual good Humour hither, I see.

Clev. I am always very much at your Service, Madam.

Stale. Well, but how have you disposed of your Company?

Mar. All dispers'd — my young Squire was taken up with Four or Five fine Ladies in Masks.

Stale. And your Lady of Pleasure?

Mar. With a Knot of Rakes. — And my Man of Business is engag'd in an Affair of Consequence.

Stale. An Affair of Consequence at Croydon?

Mar. Ay, I'll assure you, and very great too. — A Whim took him to give himself at t'other End o' the Town a kind of an Air, and he wou'd not pay the Coachman — whereupon —

Clev. I suppose he beat him.

Mar. Even so, from Top to Toe — he had just finish'd him when I left 'em.

Stale. Very pleasant! — But, my Dear, have you met with no Adventures your self?

Mar. Oh with a very good one, I assure you: — A Grenadier of the Guards proffer'd to Treat me with burnt Brandy and Sausages.

Clev. Very gallant!

Stale. Oh shocking! But 'tis like the horrible Place — I swear, my Dear, we ought never to be forgiven for coming hither.

Clev. Oh dear Madam, be compos'd, I beseech you — my Life on't, you meet with none of those Insolencies. — Such little wild young Creatures as *Mariana* can't avoid the Impertinence of an impudent young Fellow; but he must be a Grenadier indeed that would attack your Ladyship.

Enter Mr. Scribblescrabble, bloody and dirty.

Mar. Ah dear Mr. Scribblescrabble! I rejoice to see you, — I am glad you're got out of the Clutches of that unmerciful pounding Coachman.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, your Slave, your Slave, nothing in the Earth, a Te-Te-Trifle, a Trifle.

Stale.

Stale. Is this the Lawyer, Child?

Mar. The same.

Scrib. One always meets with your me-me-merry Wags, and your comical Jo-Jokes, Madam, at Fairs and such like Places; — for my part, I came a pu-pu-pu-purpose — — —

Mar. To be beaten? A very whimsical Design, very far from a Jest, and in my Opinion went off very tragically on your Side.

Scrib. Not at all, Madam, not at all, a Te-Te-Trifle, a Trifle.

Mar. Your Nose bleeds sadly.

Scrib. Nothing at all, very good, very wholesome; — I always bleed Spring and Fall.

Clev. Men of Gallantry turn every Thing into good Humour and Mirth — I know Mr. Scribblescrabble of old, always a Wag.

Scrib. Ah! Na-Na-Nanny! Nanny Clever! By Je-Je-Jericho I'm glad to see thee.

Clev. He's a great Man at Adventures — — — the Farthing Pye-houses in Moor-fields ring of him.

Stale. Well, to have Adventures is always a Mark of a Man of Condition. Mr. Scribblescrabble, give me Leave to felicitate your good Fortune.

Mar. Ah dear Madam, you don't know him. — He's intimate with all the agreeable Rakes about Town, wears a lac'd Hat with a smart Pinch in Vacation-time, and plays at Picket at the Temple Chocolate-houses.

Scrib. Tr-truly, Madam, if it were not discontenanc'd in the City, I do think a de de-demy Caftor, with a fashionable Edging, a very Ge-Ge-Gentleman like kind of an Ornament.

Clev. He is a very Terror to all the Husbands of the Ward he lives in — — two Chandlers Wives, besides a Haberdasher of small Wares's Daughter, have been turn'd out of Doors for him within this Half Year.

Scrib. Ah me-me-meer Waggy, Sc-Sc-Scandal, — What shou'd the Ladies see in me?

Clev. Oh that Spirit, that Wit, that agreeable Freedom.

Scrib.

Scrib. Something of a fr-fr-frank manner, Madam; ah, ah, ah,—but wh-what's that, what's that, Madam? — But how come you to know me! I value my self upon being close.

Clev. What, d'ye think the World knows nothing?— But besides, whatsoever he says, he loves to make a Noise with his Adventures.

Scrib. Aa, fy, fy, fy, — no, no, no.

[*Making an ugly Face.*

Stale. Pretty Expressions of his Passion!

Clev. Then 'tis the little peevishest Creature, rather than not quarrel, he'll quarrel and box with his Mistress her self; then she, you know, naturally resists, then an Uproar, out comes the Prentices. —

Stale. What! engage with the Domesticks?

Clev. Up with Paring-shovels, Blows abound, and the Lover is ruefully beaten, for the Close of his Adventure.

Mar. Suffering for the Ladies is gallant; and you see Love is his Foible. But what says poor Madam Scribblescrabble to all this?

Scrib. A a a.

Stale. His Wife? What, has he a Wife? Oh unfaithful Mr. Scribblescrabble!

Scrib. Na-na-name her not, name her her not, I say.

Clev. Marry but we will tho'—since, to her Praise be it spoken, she's an Example to the whole Parish for Patience and good Housewifry.

Scrib. Shall I tell you? My Dru-Drudge, my Convenience, my patient Griffel, — she in the Be-Be-Ballad was a Type of her, and I am her n-n-noble Marquis, her Lord, her great Turk, by Je Jericho.

Stale. What a barbarous little gallant Person it is!

Mar. Why didn't you bring her with you to-Day?

Scrib. What, about Ba Bu-Bus'ness! — Inco-co-congruous, Madam. — No, I left her, I left her —

Clev. Pensively at home, I warrant you.

Scrib. Mending the foul Clothes, and the Childrens Stockings — but let us leave her to her Co-Co-Cowheel and Pint of Ale, and talk of other Matters — Have you seen Mem-Mem-Mr. — ?

[*To Mariana.*

Mar.

Mar. aside.] Hush! a Word with you. — No naming of Names — hark in your Ear.

[*Mariana whispers Scribblescrabble.*

Clev. You see, Madam, what a base World it is, how false the Men and how miserable the Women are. The very *Scribblescrabbles* of the City have got into the way of despising their Wives.

Stale. 'Tis too true, Child; and there are very few in this fantastical Age, that the greatest Merit can oblige to Constancy: — And if I didn't think *Friendly* a Man that had a very exact *Gout* for Merit, one that enter'd very far into Merit, extreamly far, almost as far as 'tis possible for one to enter into Merit, I should hardly trust my self in his, or any Man's Hands.

Clev. Look ye, Madam, he may enter into Merit as far as another, I don't dispute that, Madam; but how will you keep him from being weary of Merit, and having his Belly full of Merit, as they say, getting rid of Merit, turn Merit off again?

Stale. For that, Child, I trust to my Merit, 'tis my own, I know it, and I trust to it.

Clev. Matrimony's an uncertain Game.

Stale. 'Tis so. — But you know we Women love Play. — Besides, Rallery apart, my Physicians tell me, that I shall never be free from the Tooth-ach, Vapours, and a Scurvy Humour that haunts me Spring and Fall, 'till, ah! ah! (you'll pardon the Misfortunes of my Constitution) 'till I have another Child. — Nay, they say if I had Twins 'twould be better, and go more to the Bottom of my Distemper.

Clev. Nay then you had best get your Ingredients together, and go into the Course as soon as possible, for fear the Season for Physick should be over.

Stale. My Dear, I see you're busy. (*To Mariana.*) We'll go on before.

Mar. But a Word, Madam, and I wait on you.

Stale. Clever and I'll walk on before — you'll overtake us before we get to the Monsters — I have a strange Fancy for Monsters.

Clev. Did your Ladyship ever see the *Mantegur*?

Stale.

Stale. Oh dear ! no — he was a very obscene Monster — he was obscene, rude, very rude and beastly — but the *Woman-tegur* — — —

Clev. His Lady ?

Stale. — was very well bred, and had a great deal of Wit. — This is her Day, I believe ; if she sees Company here, we'll visit her.

Clev. With all my Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. Look ye, be careful, and you may expect every thing from Mr. *Friendly's* Bounty ; — for *Clerimont's* Uncle, I'll undertake he shall set his Name to the Deeds when they are ready.

Scrib. 'Tis enough ; they are here in pu pu presto in my Green-bag here ; I want nothing but the old Ge-Ge-Gentleman's Name to fill up the Blanks with.

Mar. For that I can inform you — he writes himself Sir *Timothy Tallapoy* of *Kingquangcungxi*.

Scrib. What a pu-pu plaguy Pagan N-Name is that for a Protestant Pu-Pu Parish !

Mar. 'Tis a Name he has given to a new House he has built hard by here. You must know he has got his Estate by the *China Trade* in the *East-Indies*, and at that time grew so fantastically fond of the Manners, Language, Habit, and every thing that relates to those People, that he prefers 'em not only before those of his own Country, but all the World besides. 'Tis ridiculous enough to see how he makes himself to be dress'd and serv'd exactly after the *Chinese* manner.

Scrib. Ve-very whimsical. fe-fe faith and troth.

Mar. But hush ! — here's our Fellow-Traveller, the Temple Wag, that came down in the Coach with us.

Enter Pinch, and two Women in Masks.

Pinch. You tell me you are very passionate — — —

1 Mask. What, are you such a Monster not to believe me when I swear ?

Pinch. It is really inconsistent. — You have known me but two Minutes and a half, and you intend to bamboozle me out of a Beef Stake.

1 Mask.

1 Mask. Not for that, my Dear, indeed; — but if we should dine together we should be so facetious — and I can tell you something of some Body that lodges at the *Black boy and Still* in a certain Place.

2 Mask. Hark ye, Madam, come away, Madam, — We won't be beholding to the Pimp.

1 Mask. No, pray stay, Madam; I'll assure you, Madam, I know the Gentleman, — he is a Relation of mine, and —

Pinch. Bite!

2 Mask. What d'ye mean, Pimp? ha, Pimp! What's Bite, Pimp? Will you give us a Bottle of Wine, or no, Pimp?

Pinch. Why then I tell you No — And now I have told you my Mind without a Bite, pox.

2 Mask. Dammee, Madam, come away, Madam; — there's Madam *Footstocking* at the *Greyhound* — she has brought down a Couple of Bob Wigs out of *Cheapside*, shall treat us both. — Look ye, Pimp, I shall meet you some Night or other in the Play-house Passage, and then I'll bite you, I will so, Pimp you! [Exeunt Masks.

Mar. Mr. Pinch, your Servant; — I vow I'm afraid you're very ill-natur'd — you treated your Ladies very roughly, methought.

Pinch. Oh no, dear Madam, by no means, Madam — I am fond of the Fair to the last degree; by the solemn Powers, Madam. — Your Ladyship is, as I may say, a Bite, Madam.

Mar. Upon my Word 'tis very innocently, for I don't know what it is.

Pinch. Oh dear Madam, excuse me for that — no, no, bite, bite, Madam, that won't pass indeed.

Mar. Nay I must confess I take it to be something that is very entertaining, because I see it makes up a great Part of the Conversation among you fine Gentlemen.

Pinch. Oh your only new Way of Honour. — We that pretend to be Men of Wit and Pleasure do nothing but bite all Day long.

Mar. But pray, Sir, as how? for Example a little.

Pinch.

Stale. Oh dear! no — he was a very obscene Monster — he was obscene, rude, very rude and beastly — but the *Womanegur* —

Clev. His Lady?

Stale. — was very well bred, and had a great deal of Wit. — This is her Day, I believe; if she sees Company here, we'll visit her.

Clev. With all my Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. Look ye, be careful, and you may expect every thing from Mr. Friendly's Bounty; — for Clerimont's Uncle, I'll undertake he shall set his Name to the Deeds when they are ready.

Scrib. 'Tis enough; they are here in pu pu presto in my Green-bag here; I want nothing but the old Ge-Ge-Gentleman's Name to fill up the Blanks with.

Mar. For that I can inform you — he writes himself Sir Timothy Tallapoy of Kingquangcungxi.

Scrib. What a pu-pu plaguy Pagan N.Name is that for a Protestant Pu-Pu Parish!

Mar. 'Tis a Name he has given to a new House he has built hard by here. You must know he has got his Estate by the *China Trade* in the *East-Indies*, and at that time grew so fantastically fond of the Manners, Language, Habit, and every thing that relates to those People, that he prefers 'em not only before those of his own Country, but all the World besides. 'Tis ridiculous enough to see how he makes himself to be dress'd and serv'd exactly after the *Chinese* manner.

Scrib. Ve-very whimsical. fe-fe faith and troth.

Mar. But hush! — here's our Fellow-Traveller, the Temple Wag, that came down in the Coach with us.

Enter Pinch, and two Women in Masks.

Pinch. You tell me you are very passionate —

1 Mask. What, are you such a Monster not to believe me when I swear?

Pinch. It is really inconsistent. — You have known me but two Minutes and a half, and you intend to bamboozle me out of a Beef Stake.

1 Mask.

1 Mask. Not for that, my Dear, indeed; — but if we should dine together we should be so facetious — and I can tell you something of some Body that lodges at the *Black boy and Still* in a certain Place.

2 Mask. Hark ye, Madam, come away, Madam, — We won't be beholding to the Pimp.

1 Mask. No, pray stay, Madam; I'll assure you, Madam, I know the Gentleman, — he is a Relation of mine, and —

Pinch. Bite !

2 Mask. What d'ye mean, Pimp? ha, Pimp! What's Bite, Pimp? Will you give us a Bottle of Wine, or no, Pimp?

Pinch. Why then I tell you No — And now I have told you my Mind without a Bite, pox.

2 Mask. Dammee, Madam, come away, Madam; — there's Madam *Footstocking* at the *Greyhound* — she has brought down a Couple of Bob Wigs out of *Cheapside*, shall treat us both. — Look ye, Pimp, I shall meet you some Night or other in the Play-house Passage, and then I'll bite you, I will so, Pimp you! [Exeunt Masks.]

Mar. Mr. *Pinch*, your Servant; — I vow I'm afraid you're very ill-natur'd — you treated your Ladies very roughly, methought.

Pinch. Oh no, dear Madam, by no means, Madam — I am fond of the Fair to the last degree; by the solemn Powers, Madam. — Your Ladyship is, as I may say, a Bite, Madam.

Mar. Upon my Word 'tis very innocently, for I don't know what it is.

Pinch. Oh dear Madam, excuse me for that — no, no, bite, bite, Madam, that won't pass indeed.

Mar. Nay I must confess I take it to be something that is very entertaining, because I see it makes up a great Part of the Conversation among you fine Gentlemen.

Pinch. Oh your only new Way of Honour. — We that pretend to be Men of Wit and Pleasure do nothing but bite all Day long.

Mar. But pray, Sir, as how? for Example a little.

Pinch.

Pinch. Why as thus; suppose now I should say Sir Simon Snuffle was a Wit.

Mar. A Wit! he's a Politician indeed, and a smart little Gentleman; but for a Wit —

Pinch. Bite! there 'tis now — Why he's no more a Wit than I am a Politician. Or now if I should say I am going to *Moscow*, or that I am to be Lord Mayor, or that the Cham of *Tartary*'s my Cousin German, that the Pope's a Whig, and the *French* King a Reformer, Beauty to be abolish'd, and Matrimony and ugly Faces to prevail; How! say you with a grave Face indeed: Bite, says I — that's all; — you see it is the easiest thing in the World.

Scrib. Me-me-mighty easy, fe-fe-Faith and Troth.— Why this is nothing but Lying — Here I have been a Biter, Man and Boy, these Thirty Years, and never knew it.

Mar. Well, I see you are a true Biter, and a right Wit of the Age, by winding up your Jest with Matrimony — but have you been a Sufferer by the Ladies, that you speak so ill of their Profession?

Pinch. Pardon me, not at all, Madam, only for the Grace of Wit, and to make up the Troll of the Sentence, as merrily conceited Persons are us'd to do. I am Matrimony's humble Servant, came down to this very individual Town of *Croydon* to pay my Respects to it, and am to subscribe my self Matrimony's Bond-slave tomorrow.

Mar. And who is the Nymph that is to be made happy?

Pinch. Happy! ah, ah, Bite, Madam. — I am to be married indeed, but no Body's to be made happy.

Mar. You are such a Wag one doesn't know where to have you. — Well, but who is it that is to have the Honour of being your bitten Bride, — for bit she will be, that I foresee already.

Pinch. Right, Madam, for, as you say, I shall bite her, tho' she be Bone of my Bone never so much. — You must know 'tis one Madam *Angelica*, Daughter to Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, a rich Merchant hard by here.

Mar. Handsome to a Miracle, I suppose.

Pinch.

Pinch. 'Egad I don't know, that's as the Fates shall appoint—for you must know I never saw her nor her Father in my Life, nor heard of them till within these Three Days, when a Comical old Fellow, a Father of mine in the Country, sends a Servant of his, one *Gregory Grumble* by Name, (whom, by the way, I bit Seven times before he could tell how my Father and Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, my Uncles and Aunts, and the rest of my Relations in the Country did) to tell me that he had agreed with a Gentleman for a Wife for me.—I receiv'd the News, bit the Bearer again, and then sent him to notify to my Father-in-Law, that is to be.

Mar. And in Consequence thereof you are come down hither?

Pinch. To bite the Old Gentleman and the rest of my *Croydonian* Relations, consummate with his Daughter, and beget a biting Generation for the Benefit of Posterity.

Mar. [aside to *Scrib.*] You see this is your Man—before you don't lose Sight of him.

Scrib. Te-te-tace's the Word, Madam,—a Word to the Wife——I'll be-be-bite him, I warrant you.

Mar. You're so intent upon this Fair Lady, that I'm afraid we must despair of your good Company.

Pinch. For that Fair Lady you speak of, time enough—I'll marry her to-morrow time enough, I'll warrant you—I'll marry her—Can she desire more?—But for you, Madam, I would forsake the greatest Princess upon the Earth, tho' she were fair as the blushing Morn——er——

Mar. Oh dear! this is a very particular Piece of Gallantry,——but you Men of Wit and Pleasure are so engaging——

Pinch. For really, Madam, since the first happy Minute I had the Honour to know you,

Mar. Which was about two Hours ago, [Aside.]

Pinch. I have really had the greatest Inclination in the World to profess my self, Madam, your Ladyship's most profound humble Servant.

Mar. Nay, I swear this is too much—I would not make your Lady jealous for the World.

Pinch.

Pinch. Madam, shall I tell your Ladyship without a Bite, and by the solemn Powers, I am passionate and sincere.

Mar. I have a strange Inclination to take you at your Word.

Pinch. Od! so do—here am I that will make it out.

Mar. Give me your Hand—I'll have a good Opinion of my Beauty, and intrench upon your Bride's Pivrogative; for this Day I receive you for my Servant, and if you don't like me when that's over, as well as you do now, you shall repair to your Lady Mistress at Night, and be married to morrow for your Punishment.

Pinch. Od! I like this mightily—strangely—Faith—Od! there's a good deal of Conceit in it—It's like a Carnival before Lent,—or a—

Mar. Come hang Similes—we'll join the rest of our Company, and be as merry as the Day's long.

Pinch. Or like—or hold—stay—or like a Biting and a Beating, or like Laughing and Crying, or like fair Weather and foul, or like riding in a Coach and going a-foot afterwards,—or like—

Mar. Phoo! Phoo!—Come along, I'll warranty you—

Pinch. Or like—Od! I don't know—like somewhat that's very merry and very melancholy—But, as you say, hang Similes, and so come along. [Exeunt.

A S O N G.

I.

CLOE blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
And push'd me rudely from her.
I call'd her perjur'd, faithless Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

II.

But when I rose and would be gone,
She cry'd, Nay, whither go ye?
Young Damon stay; now we're alone,
Do what you will with Cloe.

ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy, two or three Servants
ridiculously habited, halting in Grumble.*

Sir Tim. **L**OOK ye, Sirrah, I will put you into the Hands of the *Tutang*, which is, according to Interpretation, the Officer that delighteth in Justice, which is, according to English Expression, the Constable of *Croydon* — I'll see whether the Laws of this Land, as corrupt as they are, will allow you in Enormities like these.

Grumb. Yauſt charge the Constable wi' ma' — Yauſt put me i' th' Stocks now! Maifter's Worship, Sir Peter Pinch's Worship, and my Lady Pinch's Worship, and young Maifter Pinch's Worship, the young Squire's Worship, they'ſt take't hudge kaindly o' yaur Worship to put their Man i' th' Stoucks for bracking the Boble there.

Sir Tim. Profane Rascal! Sirrah! It was the Pagode, or Representation of the great *Callasusu*, who was Nephew to the great *Fillimafu*, who was descended from the illustrious *Fokiens*, who was the first Inventer of eating Rice upon Platters. — Sirrah! if you had been at *Nanguin*, or the great City of *Xamſi*, you had suffer'd Death, Sirrah! Death, you Varlet!

Enter Angelica.

Ang. How now? What's the Matter? What has this Fellow done, that he is taken into Custody?

Sir Tim. The Pagode, the Pagode, he has broken the great Pagode.

Ang. Is that all?

Sir Tim. Get you in, Hussy, incontinently I say: — You have not that Regard and Veneration for things which deserve Regard and Veneration, which any civilly, modestly, or virtuously dispos'd Person may have, can have, must have, and ought to have, Hussy.

B

Grum.

Grum. Yauft mak such a Raut and a Hurly burly, an' you'ft no slay till young Maister come — here — I'se pay for't — I'se pay for't aut of my awn Pocket, — here hauy another. [Offering Money.] Here's a Raut with a Railazu and a Zu, with a Pox.

[Aside.]

Sir Tim. Monster of a Fellow! — Take him away from my Sight — Confine him in the lowest Part of the Edifice, ev'n in the Cellar — away with him, I say. —

[*Exeunt Servants with Grumble.*]

His Master will be here to-Day, and I will demand Justice of him — I will demand Two Hundred and Seventy odd Blows on his Belly, Three Hundred on his Breech, and Four Hundred and Twenty Nine on the Soles of his Feet. — Well, Mistrefs, have you dispos'd your self incontinently to marry the *Mandarin Mr. Pinch* to-morrow, according to my Commands?

Ang. To-morrow, Sir? to-morrow's very soon.

Sir Tim. By the Majesty of *Peking*, an' you mutter, Hussy, I'll have you marry'd to-night, and then you'll be out of your Pain by to-morrow.

Ang. Pain, Sir? — Upon my Word, Sir, 'tis not the matter of the Pain, Sir, nor the being out of the Pain, that I stand upon; but upon my Word, 'tis a very hard thing to be forced to marry a Man one don't like.

Sir Tim. Most provoking Impertinence — to dislike a Man before she sees him, only in Opposition to my Paternal Authority. — No, Hussy, I know the true Reason — 'tis not that you dislike him, but because you like somebody else; — you have set your Heart upon some of those vain frothy young *Mandarins* of that imperial, but abominably vicious City of *London*, call'd Beaux.

Ang. Upon my Word, Sir —

Sir Tim. Be silent, I say, — For ought I know you design to join your self to one of that execrable new Sect, which they call the Biters, those Sons of the Serpent that inhabits in the House of Smoak. — By the Great

Great *Lama*, I had as soon see you married to the Giant *Tansu*, who inhabits in the prodigious Mountains of *Tartary*, and eats a hundred and fifty Virgins every Day in the Week, but *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and then he lives upon old Women, as good Catholicks do upon Stock-fish, by way of Mortification.

Ang. Well, Sir, you may do what you please with me, but I am sure you shall never make me forget poor Mr. *Friendly*.

Sir Tim. Ah ha ! Said I not so ? Does it go there ?

Ang. For his Estate, 'tis as good as your *Mandarin Pinch's*; and for his Personal Qualifications, I'm sure I know 'em too well not to vindicate 'em against any *Mandarin* in Christendom. —— I don't know why I should not pluck up a Spirit, and tell this old *Chinese Father* of mine his own. [Aside.]

Sir Tim. Why hearken to me, my Daughter ; (I will reason with her) thou hast been bred up like a virtuous and a sober Maiden, and wouldst thou take the Part of a profane Wretch, who sold his Stock out of the Old *East-India Company*, and show'd his scurrilous Wit in making a Jest of the worshipful Traders ? A scurvy, idle Varlet ! A wicked Varlet !

Ang. Well, Sir, if he took his Stock out of one Fund that he was weary of, he'll put it into another that he likes better ; and that's what all the young Fellows about Town do, that understand Bus'ness.

Sir Tim. A wicked, wicked Wretch ! —— He might have put into the New then, if he did not like the Old, —— but to be of neither ? —— Talk no more of him — — thou wilt put me into a Chafe, and it will be the worse for thee. —— A naughty ill-principled young Man, to be of neither *East-India Company* !

Ang. Well — but dear, dear Father, will you make me marry this scurvy Fellow I never saw ?

Sir Tim. This is immoderately vexatious ! good truth I am resolved.

Ang. Are you! —— Why then so am I, and let the Mandarin look to't.

Sir Tim. What a prodigious thing is the Education of an English Damsel!

Ang. (*Afside.*) How fantastical is the Difference between an old Fellow's Judgment, and a young Wench's Inclinations! —— Od! I have a good Mind to speak out.

To Sir Tim.] I must marry him then, you say?

Sir Tim. Positively.

Ang. Well, I shall make —

Sir Tim. A good Wife, I hope, Gentlewoman.

Ang. No — but what's all one, such a scurvy, abominable, whimsical, coxcomical, miserable, oddish, exemplary kind of a Husband of him, that the most potent Cham of *Tartary*, that you us'd to tell us of so, shan't show his Fellow among all the merry Men in his Country — — — and so I am resolv'd I'll tell him the first time I see him.

[*Exit Angelica.*

Sir Tim. Well! — Incontinently this is a most flagitious Age — — nothing but Disobedience, Impudence, Debauchery, Biting, and all kind of Wickedness — but no matter; — I will comfort my self after the manner of the sage Philosopher *Tychburg*, who liv'd Fifteen Thousand Seven Hundred and Fourteen Years Two Months and Three Days ago, and let the World rub — I will send forthwith to my Correspondent at *Canton* for a new Pagode — I will marry my Daughter to the young Man I have provided for her — and after that I will incontinently espouse the most amiable *Mariana*, and engender a Male Off spring, who shall drink nothing but the Divine Liquor Tea, and eat nothing but Oriental Rice, and be brought up after the Institutions of the most excellent *Confucius*. — And I will moreover in the mean time divert the melancholy Faculties, of my Mind in beholding the Diversions of this numerical *Croydon Fair* — I will behold the most nob'e Exercise of Dancing on the Ropes — I have beheld it with Delight in the flourishing Empire of

of *China*, I will behold it here again. ——— But lo ! here are of the Frequenters of this Place ——— they seem *Lipous*, or Men of Rank ——— I will salute them according to the manner of the most glorious and wise City of *Peking*.

Enter Pinch, and Scribblescrabble.

Sir Timothy salutes 'em after the Chinese manner.

Pinch. Come along, my little *Scribblescrabble*, ——— we shall find the Ladies somewhere hereabouts ——— Hey ! Who have we here ! What, are you the Man w.th the Wax-works ?

Scrib. By Je-Je-Jericho, Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*. [Aside.]

Sir Tim. Young Gentleman, may the Garden of your Graces be ever flourishing ——— but I delight not in Wax works.

Pinch. What then, the *Vigo Plate* ?

Sir Tim. I am ignorant of your Intentions.

Scrib. Hush ! Squire, Squire *Pinch* ! [Aside.]

Pinch. Oh ho ! What, you're the Man that bought the right *Italian Fairy* that was born at *Hampstead* ?

Sir Tim. I am a *Mandarin* of this Neighbourhood, and delight in a new Mansion.

Scrib. A Wh-Word w'ye. [Aside to *Pinch*.]

Pinch. Oh Pox ! that's just at the Town's End, with Bottl'd Ale and Collar'd Beef over the Door ; the *Suffix* House.

Scrib. Are you me-me mad ? ——— Come away, I tell you ——— this is a poor unfortunate Gentleman that's craz'd ——— He was Mace-bearer to the Lord Chancellor of *Muscovy*, and was turn'd out of his Place for having more Wit than his Master ——— poor Man, happened not to be dull enough to be in with that Ministry, lost his Place, hurt his Head, poor Man :

Pinch. Very strange, Faith ! Odd, I'll bite him ——— I never bit a Mad man in my Life.

Scrib. Poo, poo ! ——— Come away.

Pinch. By the solemn Powers I will — Old Gentleman, your Servant.

Sir Tim. Most flourishing Youth, I congratulate your Arrival at the Village of *Croydon* — Came you from the Imperial City of *Landon* ?

Pinch. Yes, yes, we came from *London*.

Sir Tim. And do the most ingenious Imparters of Novelty afford any thing that is new?

Pinch. There's comical News, Faith, in the *Flying Post* — It's given out and rumour'd, that several great Men, and *Beglerbegs* in the *West Indies*, have declar'd for the Rebels in *Hungary*.

Sir Tim. Sir, shall I tell you? I am not concern'd for any Transactions which are or may be in the *West Indies*. — Sir, you are a Stranger to me, but I deal plainly with you, I am no Friend to any thing in the *West*, and am positively resolv'd, Sir, never to have any thing to do with *Westminster*, *West-chester*, *West-Smithfield*, or the *West Indies*. No, Sir, the *East*, I think, is more properly the Concern of every good and honest Man. — You take my Meaning, Sir; and if you have any thing from the *East Indies*, so, Sir, for to tell you my Mind freely, I don't think there is a good moral Man on this fide the Cape of Good-hope.

Scrib. By *Je-Je-Jericho*, that's much!

Sir Tim. Always excepting some of the worshipful Traders to the aforesaid *East Indies*.

Pinch. Why, Sir, both the Companies are concern'd in the Project, and are to furnish —

Sir Tim. Sir, let me tell you, they are a wise and a prudent —

Pinch. Bite! bite! my Dear.

Sir Tim. How, Sir? why? where? what? meaning whom? [Staring.

Pinch. What? why Bite, Old Gentleman, that's all, Bite!

Scrib. Good lack! how he looks! de-de-dear Squire, come away.

Sir Tim. 'Tis all false! 'tis impossible! 'tis not in Nature! Sir, you're a Son of a Bitch — Sir, I am a *Mandarin* o' the Tribunal of Justice — I am a Trader to the

the most excellent Oriental Countries —— I never was bit in my Life, nor ever will be bit, that's more, by the Majesty of Peking.

Scrib. Dear Squire, have a Care, that's a very hard Stick in his Hand.

Pinch. Let me alone, you shall see I'll fun him — I'll fun him, I warrant you — Come old Gentleman, [To Sir Timothy,] no Harm, only a little Merriment — I give a Bite, and I take a Bite —— bite me again.

Sir Tim. I would as soon commit Felony or Treason — I thank a good Conscience, and a virtuous Education, I am none of those: Go, Sir, whoever you are, you're an idle young Man — and your Parents — But I say no more: I would not have any Child of mine come near you, — for oh Dear —

[*Lifting up his Hands.*

Pinch. This is foolish enough, faith! this old Fellow is very hellish and very stupid — What an' I warrant you, you take us Biters to be sad Dogs?

Sir Tim. By the Majesty of Peking, and so I do — I take you to be worse than Popery, Slavery, Presbytery, Rebellion, Plague, Fire, Famine, and a standing Army to boot. — What a Condition is this poor Nation in! what with Plotters in one Place, and Biters in another, and yet no Body's hang'd for either.

Pinch. What strange Enemies these old Fools are to us Wits! — Well! 'tis a wonderful thing in Nature, but certainly there is such a thing as Sympathy and Antipathy.

Sir Tim. I have, I thank my Stars, seen Governments where Immoralities of this kind were Death, Death by the Law. — There are Princes! — The King of Tunquin, and Emperor of Japan, and the Serene Cham! I would fain see a Man pretend to bite in their Courts.

Pinch. Say you me so? Od! would I were well there — I and a Knot of Wags that I know.

Sir Tim. And what would'it thou do before their glorious Thrones? — why they'd hang thee; hang thee up, thou wretched Puppy!

Pinch. Wou'd they so, old Boy ! Come, I'll tell thee what, that's fair, — I'll hold thee an even Wager that I bite the *Cham* of *Tartary*, his Royal Relations, his most Honourable Privy Council, and all his Ministers, from his Lord keeper to his Corn-cutter, within the Space of one Year and six Months from the Day of the Date of these Presents.

Sir Tim. What, his present Majesty ?

Pinch. Yea verily.

Sir Tim. The *Cham* that now reigneth ?

Pinch. *Cham* or *Keyesar*, all one to *Peter*, i'faith.

Sir Tim. You lye, and you're a Rascal.

[Beating him round the Stage.]

Pinch. Pshaw ! nay ! pooh ! what's this for ? — what I suppose if a Man pays Scot and Lot — — pray, Sir, hold, Sir.

Sir Tim. I'll bite you, you Dog ! Bite, quotha ! — And are you a Biter too, Sirrah ? [To Scribblescrabble.]

Scrib. No, no, no, as I hope to live — I am a civil peaceable Man, and a City Solicitor.

Sir Tim. I shall put you in mind once more of his Majesty of *Cbina*. [Beating him again.]

Pinch. 'Tis very well ! very well indeed ! If a Man may not be a little harmlesly witty — why, Mr. Scribblescrabble, help ! Murder ! help !

Enter Clerimont, *be interposes*.

Cler. How ! Mr. *Pinch* suffering under my Uncle ! — Pray, Sir, hold your Hand.

Sir Tim. Art thou there, Varlet ! thou Enemy to *East-India Companies* ! thou Villain thou !

Cler. Pray, Sir, be pacify'd.

Sir Tim. Sirrah ! I will never be pacify'd — I thought this was one of thy wicked Companions — but I'll be reveng'd of you all — I will so, — — Bite the *Cham* of *Tartary* ! [Exit *Sir Tim.*]

Scrib. Mr. *Clerimont*, here has been a dreadful Ca-Catastrophe ; but harkye, the Squire and your Uncle didn't know one another.

Cler. That was lucky indeed ! Enough ! [Aside.] What unlucky Accident was this ! Well I profess I am very

thee
that
, his
ters,
the
y of

very sorry for it. O he's a mad old Fellow—I wish he
han't hurt your Ingenuity—— I swear he has batter'd
the Outside of it most abominably.

Pinch. He has broke all my Head here, only for a Word speaking. [Half crying.
As I hope to live, I meant no more Harm! — And he has all Blooded my Neckcloth here—I don't know what to do, not I.

Scrib. The Squire wou'dn't be persuaded, he wou'd bite him, and so the Me-Matter happen'd.

Cler. See, here are the Ladies—Come, Courage—
'twas a Misfortune your Wit brought upon you, and so
the better to be endur'd.

Enter Friendly, Mariana, and Stale.

Pinch. I'd ha' given a Hundred Pounds out of my Pocket, this scurvy Bus'nесс hadn't happen'd.

Mar. What, d'ye turn away from me? Unkind Mr.

Pinch!

Pinch. A little out of Order, Madam, that's all—

Cler. Oh, he has had a Misfortune.

Mar. You fright me to Death ! The Matter ?

Cler. Only a Rencounter, a Drubbing or so! Hark
I'll tell you. [Whisper.

Pinch. Dear Mr. Scribblescrabble, look in my Face--
How do I look? sadly! ha!

Scrib. Truly that Blow upon your Forehead has dis-
compos'd your Physiognomy strangely.

Pinch. What, ruful! dismal!

Scrib. But step aside here, and we'll get some Water and a Patch, and furbish up your Countenance again as well as ever.

Pinch. Will you be so kind? I shall acknowledge the
Favour the longest Day I have to live.

[*Exeunt Pinch and Scribblescrabble.*]

Mar. Thus it happens, between too much Wit and too little Valour.

Friend. The poor Corps indeed has a damn'd time on't that's match'd with a pert Understanding, and frequently suffers for keeping bad Company.

Stale. Well, for my Part I have deduc'd it from a

long Concatenation of Observations, that nothing but such extravagant Accidents attend upon the Conversations of those Impertinents they call Wits. — Mr. *Friendly*, I will beg one thing of you—not that I pretend to any Influence; but People in my Circumstances do commonly ask one thing,—my Circumstances! *Eh! Mon Cœur!* what Indiscretion! my Dear, you'll Pardon me?

Mar. Oh dear Madam, why this Reserve among Friends? You know Mr. *Clerimont* and I are of your Party.—Come, out with your Request.—All your Lovers have some little fond Request or other to make before Matrimony.

Cler. Yes, yes,—as not to chew Tobacco, to shift in your own Dressing Room—to have a Convenience apart, or—

Mar. O filthy! O abominable! no, no, none of these—but whatever it be, I'll engage Mr. *Friendly* shall make it good.

Friend. Your most obedient humble Servant.

Stale. Well, Mr. *Friendly*, 'tis only this: That for my Sake, you wou'd never bite any Person, of any Sex, Age, or Condition in the World; but that, above all, you wou'd forbear your devoted and most engag'd Friend and Servant.

Friend. Forbear you, dear Madam? the most reasonable Request that was ever made in the World.

Stale. Not that I wou'd have you misunderstand me neither, dear Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend. If any Presumption of mine has given your Ladyship occasion to think—

Stale. Oh fy! no, Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend. I do here solemnly swear and declare, in the Face of the World, that from the Day of the Date of these Presents I will most sincerely refrain, abstain and forbear—

Stale. Pish! why this is'nt it, this is'nt what I mean, this isn't what I'd be at.

Friend. From any matter or thing whatsoever that has the honour, in any manner, to appertain or belong to your Ladyship.

Mar. Was ever any thing so insufferably ill-natur'd? to mistake a poor Woman so awkwardly, and turn her plain Meaning so quite contrary to her Inclination?

Cler.

Cler. But if it passes so, I am mistaken.

Stale. Why I tell you, and tell you again, you take me wrong, Mr. Friendly.

Friend. Madam, I wou'dn't presume to take you at all—

Stale. Shoo ! how foolish this is in you. Mr. Friendly ! this Rallery is very mal à propos. Mr. Friendly,—I'll vow, if you perfist in it, Mr. Friendly, you'll make me extreamly angry with you.

Mar. Dear Madam, what's the Matter ?

Stale. A foolish double entendre, my Dear.

Mar. You're discompos'd.

Stale. I'm always so with a double entendre ; a double entendre always discomposes me, especially when they will mean it the wrong way, in spight of all one does to take it the right.

Mar. Nay, then there's something in it indeed—Mr. Clerimont, come, you must join with me—We'll do Mr. Friendly a good Office in spight of his Teeth ; this must come to an Eclarcissement, it may grow to a Quarrel else.

Stale. No, my Dear, there's no fear of that, I hope—Let me smell to your Hungary-Water a little, Mr. Friendly.

Clar. Kind Creature ! what a Look was there ! what a Smile !

Friend. What a Grin ! like a wooden Cut of Scoggan before a Jest-Book.

Cler. Oh Brute ! go to the Lady, for Shame.

Friend. Madam, you know my Forbearance was only a Mark of my Respect. [Going towards her.]

Stale. Ah ! You Men ! — well, I say no more—why would you put me in this Chafe—you know how it is with me always—I warrant you my poor Head will suffer for it this two Days—feel how it burns——

Mar. Was there ever such a nauseous Five and Fifty Fondling ! — but how do I know but Age and Folly may make me such a Monster ?

Cler. Never, 'tis impossible.

Mar. How, Clerimont ! shall I never grow old ?

Cler. Certainly, if you live——but surely the Wit and Tenderness of my Mariana can never degenerate to the

the Folly and Fondness of such an Ideot—To me, you must be always as you are, thus dear, thus agreeable, the constant Object of my Love.

Mar. Oh, fie, fie ! a marry'd Man and talk of Love ! to his own Wife too ! — They'll hear you, and laugh at us in their turn, if you han't a care.

Stale. But do you say, you'll put me out of my Pain by to morrow morning ? 'Tis extreamly kind.

Friend. I have given you my Word, and you may depend upon it.

Stale. The Expedition of your Performance will make amends for every thing — 'Tis excessively kind.

Friend. Hush, not a Word more — *Mariana* and *Clerimont* will find Matter of Mirth out of it, and turn our Happiness into Ridicule.

Mar. See here's sweet Mr. *Pinch* again, as gay as if this Mishap had never befallen him, and there were no such wicked Instrument as a Cudgel in Nature.

Enter *Pinch* and *Scribblescrabble*.

Pinch. Madam, your most humble Servant. A scurvy kind of a foolish Busines happen'd to happen just now here a little oddly, Madam, but no great matter, Madam, 'tis all over now.

Mar. I am very glad to see you look so well after it—I'll swear I think you're improv'd—that Patch has given a most agreeable turn to his Face——Your Opinion, Gen'lemen.

Cler. The Patch does its Part, upon my Word—a little o'th' biggest, or so—but else wonderfully well.

Friend. And are you as found within as without, Sir ?

Pinch. Oh to all Intents and Purposes.

Friend. And d'yethink you could bite as well as ever ?

Pinch. Ask my little *Scribblescrabble* else——Didn't I bite your Cousin, as she was dressing my Head ?

Scrib. None of my Cousin, Squire.

Pinch. Nay, nay, she call'd you Cousin ; a fat comely Gentlewoman hard by here, at the Sign of the *Adam and Eve*, that sells Sawsages and Black-puddings.

Scrib. She's none of my Cousin, she's only my *Doll's Cousin*.

Pinch.

Pinch. Why the Woman's a good Woman—What, are you ashamed of your Kindred?

Scrib. She's none of my Cousin.

[Angrily.]

Mar. Ridiculous, we shall have 'em quarrel presently.

Cler. Come, come, no matter whoe Cousin she is.

Friend. You bit her, you say?

Pinch. Bit her! ay marry did I—and so I shou'd have serv'd all her Family, and all her Generation, if they had been here—What, han't I been at *Muscovy, Ispahan, Babylon*, and so forth? Knock him down!

Scrib. What did he say she was my Cousin for?

[Grumbling.]

Mar. To set aside this foolish Dispute, pray shew me the biting Song, which you said was set to Musick.

Pinch. Here it is, and it is in the Nature of a Dialogue, and if your Ladyship will do me the Honour to bear a Bob with me, as I may so say, we'll perform it before all the Company.

Mar. To oblige you, Sir, I'll do my best.

A Dialogue.

Thyrsis. I R I S, I have long, in vain,
 Been your Slave, and wore your Clog;
'Tis but just I shou'd complain,
 Since you use me like a Dog.

Iris. Faithful Lovers are but few;
 Cou'd I trust, I wou'd trust you:
Of all your Sex I am afraid,
 And therefore vow to die a Maid.

Thyrsis. Die a Maid! So young, so pretty!
 I'll be true, by all that's good:
Die a Maid! I'll swear 'tis pity.

Iris. Bite! Thyrsis, did you think I wou'd?
 But since you will be mine alone,
Here kiss the Book and swear:
 The Wedding Ring shall make us one.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis. Bite ! Iris, now I think all's fair.

*Chorus. Bite ! Thyrsis, now I think all's fair,
And well we may agree,
Since thus we love upon the Square,
And Biters both are we.*

*Cler. Rarely perform'd, upon my Word—Mr. Pinck
has his Gifts—what say you, Mr. Scribblescrabble?*

*Scrib. Mighty well indeed, Sir,—the Squire is a fine
Gentleman, that's the truth on't—but let him be never
so well vers'd in the Arts and Sciences, he ought not to
reflect upon the Family of the Scribblescrabbles.*

Cler. Oh no more of that —————

*Scrib. What if I did marry Mrs. Dorothy Pattypan,
the Pastry-Cook's Daughter, I didn't marry all her Scoun-
drel Consanguinity, I hope ; no, I disdain 'em, I make her
and hem to know themselves, I keep 'em under, I —————*

Enter Bandileer drunk, and Mrs. Scribblescrabble.

*Mrs. Scrib. Nay, dear Cousin Barnaby, where wou'd
you haul one—I'll swear I have eat so much Goose, and
drank so much Sack, that I am almost in a Quandary—
Hiccup—good lack ! now I have got the Hiccocks; well,
I won't drink a drop more, profess now.*

*Band. Look ye, take no care of that; I'll carry you
to a Friend of mine, d'ye see, and there we'll have a Cup
of rare Juniper, cure your Hiccup, I warrant you—
Nothing but a cold Stomach, Cousin.*

*Stale. In the Name of Astonishment, what may these
be, Child ?*

*Mar. Ha ! as I live, Mrs. Dorothy Scribblescrabble
in her own proper Person.*

Stale. What, not our little Man of Law's Comfort ?

*Mar. The very self-same, as I'm virtuous—she's
half boufie too—oh rueful !*

*Band. Dear Cousin, let me buss you——I love you
mightily. [Kisses her.*

*Mrs. Scrib. Oh gemini !—Hiccup—What makes you
so rude—Hiccup—don't ye see all the Gentry here—
for shame—Hiccup—If our little Simon should hear of
this now—Hiccup.*

Scrib.

Scrib. Ha! how! mercy upon me! what's this I see!

[Turning about, and seeing his Wife.

Mar. Now for the *Dénouement* of the Piece.

Mrs. Scrib. Oh law! — I am ruined and undone—
there is my own Husband.

Scrib. Is your Name *Dorothy*? ha—Answer me that.

Mrs. Scrib. Yes.—Hiccup.

Scrib. What is the reason that you set at nought my Superiority and Authority, and d-de-dare to come hither without my leave? Answer me quickly—Come! what say—ha?

Mrs. Scrib. Nay, dear *Simmy*, don't be angry. I only came to—Hiccup—bear my Cousin *Bandileer* Company—I wou'dn't, for all the Varsal World, have come, Hiccup—but that you know I love Sack—Hiccup—and Walnuts mightily—Hiccup.

Scrib. Cuc-cu-Cousin me no Cousin.—Who am I?
Answer me quickly— who am I? ha!

Band. Look ye, I'll stand by my Cousin, She's my own Cousin, tho' I am but a private Gentleman Soldier, whereof what argues that—my Name's *Barnaby Bandileer*.

Mrs. Scrib. Well, well, I know who you are well enough, you are my Hony—Hiccup—but 'tis very hard if one must not—Hiccup—go a little abroad with a — Hiccup—Relation, or so—Hiccup.

Scrib. Go! you're a Quean.

Mar. Oh fie, Mr. Scribblescrabble! what! this to the Wife of your Bosom!

Scrib. You're a Carrion! I'm enrag'd, and Chastement will ensue.

Stale. How? you little Brutal you—My Dear,
my Dear, [To Mariana.
for the Honour of the Sex let us never suffer the poor Woman to be insulted before our Faces—Sure any Two of our Gender are sufficient, or of the *Quorum*, as they say, to keep a Husband in Order.

Mrs. Scrib. Ah dear Ladies, 'tis your—Hiccup—Goodness—but 'tis an unknown thing, the Life that I — Hiccup—lead with him every Day.

Mar. Look ye if she doesn't weep, poor tender-hearted Creature!

Creature!—Come, for my sake, you must not make a Quarrel of it—What? 'twas but an innocent Frolick.

Scrib. Ha! I don't love Frolicks—

Mrs. Scrib. Simmy, dear Simmy, don't toss and fling, and—Hiccup—and ding up and down so—you'll break my Heart—Hiccup—

Scrib. Go thou fe-fe fe-fe fe false Dorothy—Elope, be gone—go to your Gallant, go—

Mrs. Scrib. Oh law! — Hiccup—this is very bitter.

[*Sobbing and Crying.*]

I have had seven Children, besides Four Miscarriages, and very hard Times of 'em all, by him, and to be us'd thus—this is very hard.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, I don't well know what to make of all this—I am amaz'd, or so, 'tis true—but she's my own Cousin—I lodge in *Vinegar-Yard*—every Body knows me—I only came for the Diversion of an Interlude, or so—Do you know any thing of this matter, Sir?

[*To Pinch.*]

Pinch. Foolish enough, Faith! — why really I don't know what to say to these odd kind of Circumstances; but pray may I crave your Name, Sir?

Band. Sir, my Name's *Barnaby*.

Pinch. Your Christen Name, I mean.

Band. Oh Sir, your Servant, Sir; *Bandileer*, Sir.

Pinch. What, is *Bandileer* your Christen Name?

Band. Sir, I don't know what you mean; but I'm half Seas over—

Pinch. Very merry upon my Word, (Mr. *Bandileer's* woful drunk) [Aside.]

Oh you're very sober—you've hardly wet your Lips to Day.

Band. Say you so, Sir?

Pinch. Bite.

Band. How's that, Sir? Hey day! what, d'ye get behind me?—Look ye, Gentlemen, I take you to be my Friend.

Pinch. Knock him down.

[Standing behind *Band.* and making a very great Noise.

Band.

Band. How, Sir! Damn ye, Sir, that won't pass neither, Sir.

Friend. Oh, no Harm, no Harm, good Mr. *Bandier* — you must not be angry — The Gentleman means only Merriment — He's an arch Wag, if you did but know him.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, if that be all, the Gentleman is a Stranger to me, and perhaps I may be a Stranger to him; but however I'll venture a Tester or two at All-Fours with him, if he's so far forth dispos'd.

Mrs. Scrib. Look, if you han't chaf't up and down 'till you sweat like any Bull — Come, wipe your own dear, four, frowzy Face with your own *Doll's* Handkerchief — Hiccup —

Scrib. Aa! — did I think you wou'd ha' serv'd me fo! — Go — you're a hiccuping Beast — I've a good mind to send you home to the Family of the *Patipans*, I have so, you ea-n n-enorinous Cockatrice.

Band. Look ye, I brought my Cousin out — I took her up, as they say, and so, d'ye see, I'll set her down again.

Cler. These Fools begin to be troublesom, we must get rid of 'em — Ha! here's *Clever* too come with Intelligence from my Uncle.

Enter Mrs. Clever.

I see there's Succes in your Face, I dare swear the Design thrives.

Clev. Admirably — the Plot is just as that in a Critick's Play, the Parts are all ready, and we are to begin within this half Hour; but I hold it convenient to disperse this impertinent Audience first, that we may rehearse in private.

Mar. You have no farther Occasion for my biting Lover?

Clev. He may dispose of his Person how he pleases — we shall hardly find him of any farther Consequence.

Mar. I'll pin him to Madam *Scribblescrabble* and her bouzy Gallant, and turn 'em adrift together — But

But what shall we do with my dear Friend Stale?

Clev. Let me alone with her.—Engage Mr. Friendly to tip off with the first Opportunity, and leave the rest to my Management. [To Clerimont.

Cler. You won't be so unmerciful to turn her loose after him?

Clev. I must confess, running away is not the best Proof a young Fellow can give of his Courage; but for the present Occasion tell him 'tis necessary for the Swain to fly, and the Nymph to pursue —
Let him leave Word with his Man where we may hear of him.

Mar. Well, I vow, Mr. Pinch, you'll engage me extremely by this Piece of Service. [To Pinch aside.

— This little impudent Lawyer has a Bus'nes of Consequence to look after for me at Town, and this unfortunate Affair of his Wife does so exasperate his Choler, that he'll not think of it 'till we get her out of the way.

Pinch. Where shall I attend your Ladyship?

Mar. Any where here in the Town.

Pinch. At the Greyhound?

Mar. As proper as any, where we'll be all with you immediately, and divert our selves at the Expence of the Family of the Scribblescrabbles.

Pinch. We'll laugh immoderately — Does your Ladyship know what Fun is?

Mar. No — but it's no Matter for that.

Pinch. No, as you say, Madam, it's no matter for that; but I'll shew you such Sport, such Fun, — I'll bite Mr. Bandileer. — Look ye, Mr. Scribblescrabble, we'll have no more Words of this matter, your Lady is a virtuous Person and a good Wife, she has born you many Children, but we have all our Failings.

Scrib. Ah! — name her not, dear Squire —

Mar. Mr. Scribblescrabble, let me advise you in this Adventure — I have engaged Mr. Pinch to serve you in it — [To Scribblescrabble aside.

You may trust your Wife with him, and all will be well.

Scrib.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, the Squire's a Gentleman — it wou'dn't grieve one to trust one's Wife with a Gentleman.

Mar. They're but just going hard by, we'll follow 'em presently.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have an Eye to *Be-Be-Barnaby Bandileer*: My Heart misgives me plaguely.

[*Aside to Pinch.*

Pinch. Bite! D'ye think I don't know what to do? Trouble not your self. — Mr. *Bandileer*'s very much in Drink — but no matter for that, he'll bite so much the better. —

Hum — hum — You were a saying, Sir, [To *Bandileer*. your Name was *Barnaby*.

Band. Yes, Sir; no Offence, I hope.

Pinch. Oh none at all, so much the better; I love *Barnaby* of all Names, I was born on a *Barnaby*-bright in the Morning, I have seen you somewhere or other for certain.

Band. I use the *Cat and Fiddle*, most an end, Sir.

Pinch. In *Drury-Lane*? Ay there it was, if I am not mightily mistaken, I have bit a Corporal that belong'd to your Company, a very merry Fellow, but I have forgot his Name.

Band. *Kit Gunniborrow* belike.

Pinch. The very same — Look ye, you and I, and — Hark ye, Madam, [To *Mrs. Scribblescrabble*. You and I, and your Cousin here, we'll steal off, and have one healing Quart of Walnuts and Sack at the Greybound.

[*Whilst Clever entertains my Lady Stale, Friendly steals off.*

Band. I must needs say you're a very civil Gentleman, Sir, and if you'll so far demeanor your self, Sir, — — — Look ye, Sir, if my Cousin be willing — I came with my Cousin, Sir, and I'll go with my Cousin, Sir, I'll stand and fall with my Cousin, Sir.

Mrs. Scrib. I'm sure you behave your self so like a Gentleman, that — hiccup — But if my *Simon* should take a new Vagary — oh dear — hiccup — — —

Pinch.

But what shall we do with my dear Friend Stale?

Clev. Let me alone with her.—Engage Mr. Friendly to tip off with the first Opportunity, and leave the rest to my Management. [To Clerimont.

Cler. You won't be so unmerciful to turn her loose after him?

Clev. I must confess, running away is not the best Proof a young Fellow can give of his Courage; but for the present Occasion tell him 'tis necessary for the Swain to fly, and the Nymph to pursue —

Let him leave Word with his Man where we may hear of him.

Mar. Well, I vow, Mr. Pinch, you'll engage me extremely by this Piece of Service. [To Pinch aside.

— This little impertinent Lawyer has a Bus'ness of Consequence to look after for me at Town, and this unfortunate Affair of his Wife does so exasperate his Choler, that he'll not think of it 'till we get her out of the way.

Pinch. Where shall I attend your Ladyship?

Mar. Any where here in the Town.

Pinch. At the Greyhound?

Mar. As proper as any, where we'll be all with you immediately, and divert our selves at the Expence of the Family of the Scribblescrabbles.

Pinch. We'll laugh immoderately — Does your Ladyship know what Fun is?

Mar. No — but it's no Matter for that.

Pinch. No, as you say, Madam, it's no matter for that; but I'll shew you such Sport, such Fun, — I'll bite Mr. Bandileer. — Look ye, Mr. Scribblescrabble, we'll have no more Words of this matter, your Lady is a virtuous Person and a good Wife, she has born you many Children, but we have all our Failings.

Scrib. Ah! — name her not, dear Squire —

Mar. Mr. Scribblescrabble, let me advise you in this Adventure — I have engaged Mr. Pinch to serve you in it — [To Scribblescrabble aside.

You may trust your Wife with him, and all will be well.

Scrib.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, the Squire's a Gentleman — it wou'dn't grieve one to trust one's Wife with a Gentleman.

Mar. They're but just going hard by, we'll follow 'em presently.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have an Eye to *Be-Be-Barnaby Bandileer*: My Heart misgives me plaguily.

[*Aside to Pinch.*

Pinch. Bite! D'ye think I don't know what to do? Trouble not your self. — Mr. *Bandileer*'s very much in Drink — but no matter for that, he'll bite so much the better. —

Hum — hum — You were a saying, Sir, [To *Bandileer*. your Name was *Barnaby*.

Band. Yes, Sir; no Offence, I hope.

Pinch. Oh none at all, so much the better; I love *Barnaby* of all Names, I was born on a *Barnaby*-bright in the Morning, I have seen you somewhere or other for certain.

Band. I use the *Cat and Fiddle*, most an end, Sir.

Pinch. In *Drury-Lane*? Ay there it was, if I am not mightily mistaken, I have bit a Corporal that belong'd to your Company, a very merry Fellow, but I have forgot his Name.

Band. *Kit Cunnyborrow* belike.

Pinch. The very same — Look ye, you and I, and — Hark ye, Madam, [To *Mrs. Scribblescrabble*. You and I, and your Cousin here, we'll steal off, and have one healing Quart of Walnuts and Sack at the Greyhound.

[*Whilst Clever entertains my Lady Stale, Friendly steals off.*

Band. I must needs say you're a very civil Gentleman, Sir, and if you'll so far demeanor your self, Sir, — Look ye, Sir, if my Cousin be willing — I came with my Cousin, Sir, and I'll go with my Cousin, Sir, I'll stand and fall with my Cousin, Sir.

Mrs. Scrib. I'm sure you behave your self so like a Gentleman, that — hiccup — But if my *Simon* should take a new Vagary — oh dear — hiccup —

Pinch.

Pinch. Oh never fear that — The Ladies have undertaken to bamboozle him — they'll make him know his Duty, and beg your Pardon — Now! — now take your Time and steal off — take care of your Cousin, Mr. Bandileer.

Mrs. Scrib. O dear, my Hiccocks is very bad.

Band. Look ye, I'll stand and fall, that's my Word.

[*Exeunt Pinch, Bandileer, and Mrs. Scribble.*

Scrib. How! ha! what! Gone again! — Squire, Squire!

Mar. Hush! be quiet, come hither.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have a care of *Be Be-Barnaby.*

Mar. Didn't I tell you this was the only Way to get rid of your Wife's Relation?

Scrib. I acquiesce, Madam, I acquiesce.

Clev. Have a little Patience, Madam, and I'll set every thing in Order. [Adjusting Lady Stale's Head. I know your Ladyship uses to be the nicest Creature in the World in these Matters — In the Name of Wonder, who cou'd it be that dress'd you to-day?

Stale. Oh I cou'dn't bear any awkward Body's Fists about me — I can't tolerate any thing but my own Woman — don't you know my Woman?

Clev. Oh dear, yes, Madam, Mrs. *Fiddlefaddle.*

Stale. 'Tis the carefullest Creature; she has liv'd with me ever since the Restoration, and never administer'd a wrong thing to me, or stuck a Pin amiss, in all the Time.

Clev. The Restoration! That's a long Time indeed — Your Ladyship's Maid-Servants I believe are much more constant than your Men.

Stale. The Restoration did I say? the Restoration? My Memory! What a wretched Thing is my Memory! I meant your other publick Business that has happen'd here.

Clev. The Revolution?

Stale. Ay, that, that, — I take so little Notice of your publick News! — But, as I was saying, she's the heedfullest Person in any thing that relates to my Person.

Clev.

Clev. I wonder she should put so little Powder in your Hair ; I swear one might see it look quite grey.— indeed that was a Fault in Mrs *Fiddlefaddle*.

Stale. Hush ! dear *Clever*, I wou'dn't have *Friendly* hear you for all the World.

Clev. Oh no danger.

Stale. Not but that mine was a meer Misfortune— The *Irish* Fright at that same Revolution put me into Fits, and frightened my poor Hair grey all o' the sudden.— Besides, *Mariana* here knows my Relations, we are all grey Ten Years sooner than other People. I come of a grey Family ; don't I, my Dear ? but then I wou'd not have Mr. *Friendly* for many Reasons think me in Years, I know he designs having an Heir to his Family, and —

Mar. But dear Madam, why do you put your self in pain for his hearing us ? I thought he had left the Company by your Order.

Stale. How left ! whom, Child ? What, is Mr. *Friendly* gone ?

Clev. Gone ! Didn't you see him ? I'll swear I thought you had put him upon that pleasant piece of Gallantry.

Stale. Gallantry ! oh perfidious ! can it be possible ! dear *Clever* explain your self, or I'll vow you'll put me into the Hysteriques.

Clev. Nay indeed I thought it look'd a little odd for Mr. *Friendly* to abandon a Lady in your Ladyship's Circumstances, for a couple of the trapishest Creatures I ever saw in Masks, so miserably rigg'd, with dy'd Linings and tatter'd Furbelows.

Stale. The little nasty inconsiderable Huffies ! but, dear Child, tell me, did he seem fond ?

Mar. Very good ! now for my share of the Lye. [Aside.] Excessively loving ; nay, they were but too well acquainted, that's certain——I heard 'em call him by his Name——Are not you a dear Dog, says one of 'em ? What, my little *Jenny*, quo' he ! and immediately whipp'd one Arm about one, and t'other about t'other, and away they scuttled together so familiarly I warrant you.

Stale.

Stale. Which way are they gone?

Mar. That way, Madam : but it may be nothing but an innocent Frolick.

Stale. A Frolick, my Dear ? Ah, the Devil take such Frolicks, I say. You don't know what a Concern I am in ; he has put me off, with a Pretence of his catching Misfortunes (as he calls them) by these common Sluts, these twenty times already ; and if he should catch another Misfortune we cannot be married till he's well again, and that will be a Month, or three Weeks at least ; besides Surgeons are so unskilful, and such Knaves, and I am so fearful of those matters my self.— Well Dear, my Dears, forgive me.

[Exit *Lady Stale.*

Mar. Oh by all means, my Dear.— Ha, ha, ha!— What a terrible Fright my dear Friend was in, under the Apprehension of a Disappointment.

Clev. I must own I have ill Nature enough to rejoice exceedingly at her Ladyship's Vexation ; she has been a standing Incumbrance upon poor *Friendly's* Pleasures for these two Years, she has watch'd him with as much Jealousie and Perverseness as a barren Wife.

Clev. And has been as uneasy to him as a barren Wife's Mother, and as provoking every way.— But let her be forgotten, as she ought to be, and think of your own Matters—I have just now left your Uncle.

Mar. Very much in Love, I hope.

Cler. That is, just as much a Fool as you found him.

Clev. To a Tittle; he's stark mad ; Love and *Peking*, that is, your Ladyship and the Emperor of *China*, have turn'd his Brains—He has made a *Chinese* Song upon you, and I left him singing it to an Oriental Kettle Drum, as he calls it. Next to the great *Cham* and *Mariana*, I believe I have an Interest in him.

Mar. I suppose you have been promising largely in my Name, what I am never to perform.

Clev. Nay that depends upon you ; a little Love, Child, that's all.

Mar. Well, he shall have all I can spare.

Clev. And I dare swear that's more than enough for his Oriental Occasions.

Cler.

Cler. But I suppose you dealt with him as in the way of Trade—what Return for all this?

Clev. The Return an old Man usually makes.

Mar. Ay marry, and what's that?

Clev. To do all he can for you—and no more.

Cler. Very fair, I think.

Mar. I'll put him to it, I promise you.

Clev. I told him you had resolv'd upon parting with some of your Fortune to a poor Relation of yours, and that you requir'd him to join with you in that Settlement as a Mark of his Love, without further Enquiry, and then you would be his as far as possible.

Cler. Well, and what Answer to that?

Clev. Oh he was all Rapture! consented to it, and swore immediately by half a Dozen Chinese Saints, with devilish hard Names, that he wish'd he could make your Relation Viceroy of *Eastern Tartary*.

Mar. Oh my Relation shall thank him; I wish he may be as fond of him, when they come to be better acquainted.

Cler. That I doubt of.

Clev. He expects you immediately; as we go I'll instruct Mr. Clerimont how to dispose of himself.—Are your Deeds ready?

Cler. Have you done as you were ordered in that matter, Mr. Scribblescrabble?

Scrib. Yes, Sir, the Deeds are ready. [Sighing.]

Clev. The Deeds are ready!—What doleful Voice is that? Can that be Mr. Scribblescrabble! Is it possible the gay, the witty, the gallant Mr. Scribblescrabble?

Scrib. Ah good lack! my *De-De-Doll's* false—perhaps you don't know that.

Clev. False! is that all? A Trifte—be false again, be as false to her as she can be to you for the Life of her—Give her as good as she brings.

Mar. Nay, I told him 'twas below the Character of a fine Gentleman, and a Man of the Town, as he is, to discompose his Noble Soul for any thing a Wife can do or say.

Cler. No, no, he has forgot it, or will do it in a very little

little while longer. — Indifference is the Word, and Madam Scribblescrabble may dispose of her Person as she thinks fit.

Scrib. Nay, I hadn't so much cared for it, hadn't it been for that Son of a Whore, that *Be-Be-Barnaby Bandileer*.

Clev. Care for it! — Nay, if you once come to care for your Wife, farewell Gallantry, — why you will be Company for no Body but Harberdashes, Tinmen, Trunk-makers, and such comical kind of People.

Scrib. Nay, I always had a Spirit above these pepe-paultry Matters too — I de-de-don't know how I came to marry the Jade, unless it were for Form sake, or out of Cu-Cu-Custom, as they say.

Mar. No! — And tho' you fancy you are vex'd at her now, I fancy 'tis only for form's iake, and out of Cu-stom, as you say — Come, come along with us, and think of the Hundred Guineas you're to get of Mr. Friendly. — Why 'twill buy you Claret and Mirth en-nough to make you actually believe you are a Widower.

[*Exeunt.*]

A SONG.

I.

Silly Swain, give o'er thy swoing,
Sighing, gazing, kissing, cooing,
All is very foolish doing.

II.

All that follows after Kisses,
The very best, the Bliss of Blisses,
Is as dull a Joy as this is.

III.

Prove the Nymph, and taste her Treasure,
Tell me then, when full of Pleasure,
What dull thing thou can't discover,
Duller than a happy Lover.

Silly, silly Swain, give over, &c.

ACT



A C T III. S C E N E. I.

S C E N E, *Sir Timothy Tallapoy's House.*

Enter Angelica, Mariana, and Mrs. Clever.

Ang. W ELL, Madam, don't you think my Father now one of the strangest old Gentlemen that ever you saw with your Eyes? Oh gemini! I wou'dn't marry such a strange sort of an Old Fellow for all the World.

Clev. No, nor she neither, Child, notwithstanding all the violent Protestations of good Will she made him but now.

Mar. I swear I think there is something very agreeable and entertaining in Sir Timothy's Humour.

Clev. Nay, indeed, all the Ill that you can say of him is, that he's an Old Man, and for my part I think all Old Men are alike.

Ang. Oh dear, in what, Madam?

Clev. In being good for nothing, Madam.

Ang. Oh dear! I don't think so, I fancy I could like some sort of Old Men strangely, they're so civil and complaisant, and so neat, and so clean, and shav'd so close, I warrant ye.

Mar. Should you like Mr. *Friendly* if he were Old, Madam?

Ang. As for Mr. *Friendly* indeed, Madam, he's a kind of a perfect Stranger to me, so that I don't know what Judgment to make of his Temper or Inclinations; he may be a very good sort of a Man for ought I know, not but that I can't help thinking Mr. *Friendly* has some Humours may make a Woman very uneasie, when she is —————

C

Clev.

Clev. Not so absolute a Stranger to him as you are:
[Smiling.] Are not you a little Hypocrite? Hark ye;

[Hitting her with her Fan.]

Do you intend to be marry'd to-night to a Man that you
are such an absolute Stranger to?

Ang. Oh la! I wonder what makes you talk so—
who could put such a thing into your Head?

Clev. He that put it into yours, *Friendly*.

Ang. I'll swear he gives himself a strange Liberty of
talking.

Mar. None but what you'll forgive him for, I dare
swear.

Clev. He fancy'd, if he didn't tell, you wou'd.

Ang. Well, I wonder at his Confidence.

Mar. For being before-hand with you. Really Love-
Matters are come to be manag'd after a very fantastical
manner, and all the Care is now, not who shall keep
the Secret best, but who shall tell first.

Ang. I'll vow I have a good Mind not to have him,
he's such a meer Blab.

Mar. That would be all wrong, as they say, Madam,
to fall out with him, and be reveng'd upon your self.

Clev. She'll consider better of it, never fear.

Mar. Well, but dear Madam, we are of your Party,
and I hope you take us to be so much your Friends as
to deserve your Confidence———You know we have
no other Design upon Sir *Timothy*, but in order to bring
this Busines, between Mr. *Friendly* and you, to a happy
Conclusion.

Ang. Nay, really, I must needs say I have been in-
finitely oblig'd to you, dear Madam———And indeed
my Father is such a strange kind of a Man, that I don't
care what risque I run to get out of his Clutches. Well,
but you know Mr. *Friendly*, Madam. [To Mariana.]

Mar. A little, Madam; not so well as you do, I fancy.

Ang. Oh dear, yes to be sure you do, and a great deal
better too; but do you think he'll make a good Husband?
I believe he's a strange wild young Fellow; really a Wo-
man runs a strange Hazard with these wild young Fel-
lows.

Mar.

Mar. All Gamesters that play deep, and push for a Fortune, run Hazards, and for my part I am always for risquing with a wild Fellow rather than a tame one—besides, were he never so wild, Matrimony will make him bate of his Speed, as they say that have try'd it.

Ang. I'll vow I have heard he drinks a World of Claret.

Clev. And you fancy that will make him so sleepy—

Ang. If I don't wonder what you can mean by that — Well, Mrs. *Clever*, you are the maliciousest Creature, you are always a teasing one; but I am resolv'd I'll be reveng'd of you at Night, when we are a bed together.

Clev. A bed together! for Shame! why you wou'dn't abandon your Bridegroom for me?

Ang. Nay, Mrs. *Clever*, you know when you lie here you always use to be my Bed-fellow, and you shan't be put out of your Bed for any Body, I'm resolv'd you shall lie with me, and we'll lie awake and talk all Night long — Nay, I'm resolv'd I'll pinch you if you won't lie awake and talk to me.

Clev. No, no, you know I'm the sleepiest Creature in the World: — You had better pinch *Friendly*, if he won't lie awake, and — talk to you.

Ang. I'll swear I have a good Mind to stop your Mouth — I think the Woman's mad to talk so — Oh gemini!

Mar. Methinks Sir *Timothy* stays very long — didn't he promise to follow us immediately?

Ang. He's teaching the Servants to Dance, as they do before the Emperor of *China*.

Mar. I wish he would dispatch the Busines we want to have done, and go on with his *Tartarian Ballet* afterwards.

Ang. Shall I go and tell him you want to speak with him Madam?

Mar. If you please, Madam.

Ang. He'll leave the Cham of *Tartary* himself to wait upon you. [Going.

Dear Mrs. *Clever*, if you should happen to see Mr. *Friend-*

By, I charge you don't tell him we have been talking of him —— We shall have him so vain, and in his Airs, I warrant you.

Clev. No, no, you shall have the Pleasure of betraying the Secret and telling him all your self —— but pray make haste and dispatch your Embassie.

Ang. I'll be here again in a Minute.

[*Exit Angelica.*]

Clev. Well, what think you of Mrs. *Friendly* that is to be?

Mar. She's in a most violent Twitter.

Clev. As all young Ladies of her Age are at the Approach of Matrimony.

Mar. She's so out of Breath, and so merry, and so grave, and so glad, and so smirking, and so smiling.

Clev. And doesn't know whether she goes upon her Head or her Heels.

Mar. Love! Love! my Dear ! you know this Love is the Devil—— Ha! pray look this way. [*Looking out:* is not that the most serene, and most amiable Mr. *Pinch* that's coming into the Court ?

Clev. 'Tis he; there are certain foolish Appurtenances belonging to his Face and Person, which no one else can pretend to—but I think we are ready for him, and so let him come as soon as he pleases.

Mar. I wou'dn't have him see me.

Clev. No, we'll go look upon your Oriental Lover's Preparations for your Entertainment. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Pinch and a Servant.

Ser. If it shall seem agreeable to you to repose your most worshipful Person in this Place, I will notifie your Arrival to Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, Knight and Mandarin of the Seventh Order.

Pinch. 'Tis very well, Friend, notifie to your Master with what haste you can conveniently, but don't discompose your self, don't put your self out of Order.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Very foolish, 'Faith. If the rest of my Father-in-Law's Family be of a piece with this Fellow, I shall have a good

good merry time on't among 'em——to be the only Wit in the Family—I don't know, it may be well enough——'tis better biting than being bit, certainly — Who'd have thought that fly Devil, that Mrs. *Mariana*, shou'd have had it in her to put such a practical Bite upon one — It cost me Two Hours in Time, beside Eight and a Penny in Monies number'd, to stay for her, and she never come at last. — Very pretty Manners truly —. I smoak somewhat between that fame *Clerimont* and her; but no matter, Bite's the Word. I shall be even with her before to-morrow Morning —I believe, if I play'd one, I play'd Forty Games at All-Fours and Shovel-Board with Mr. *Bandileer* — Poor Fellow, he was bloodily in for it at last — 'Tis true, indeed, he drank a World of *Geneva* — but his Cousin will take Care of him — She's a discreet Woman truly in the main, I believe — she held his Head so kindly when he grew a little sickish — Ha ! ha ! 'tis he !

Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy.

The Lord Chancellor of *Moscow*'s mad Mace-bearer! — How the Devil shou'd he get hither! — I wou'd I were well got by him — I wonder they suffer him to walk about with such a Stick in his Hand.

Sir Tim. I'll consummate this Affair with my Son-in-law *Pinch* as soon as may be, and I will then — Ha ! how ! here is that wretched Puppy that goeth up and down seeking whom he may bite — Is there no Place safe against Biting, not even a Man's own House ? You take a strange Liberty, Friend, after some Occurrences that pass'd between us so lately.

Pinch. A strange Fellow this, I don't know what to do, not I — I must try to speak him fair, I think, and see if one can mollifie him that way, for 'tis but a Word and a Blow with him, that I see clearly. [Aside.]

Sir Tim. Now is this wicked Villain meditating a Bite, but by the Majesty of *Peking*, I will confound the Evil Imagination ere it can be brought to Perfection — Hark to me, young Man, you are one of those that

make themselves merry with the most excellent Oriental Nations: This Mansion was not built to receive those People that scoff at the Cham of Tartary.

Pinch. Oh dear Sir, far be it from me, Sir, to think it was, Sir; I can't think it was built with any such knavish Design—I am strangely tempted to bite him. [Aside.]

Sir Tim. I am therefore prompted to ask what Affair or Negotiation might induce you to enter here.

Pinch. This is most execrably impertinent. [Aside.] Affair, Sir? why really I have an Affair.

Sir Tim. Ay! discus to me of what Nature.

Pinch. Nature, Sir? If I cou'd come to the Speech of the proper Person — — —

Sir Tim. I notifie to you that I am the most proper Person of any one within these Walls to whom you may unfold your Bus'ness.

Pinch. Look ye, Sir that isn't the matter—I don't say but you may be very proper for ought I know, but my Bus'ness at present lies more properly with the Gentleman of the House.

Sir Tim. Then I notifie to you again that it lies with me—come, bar Biting, and begin.

Pinch. Goodluck! it's much the Los of a Place she'a'd do this. [Aside.]

Pray, Sir; no Harm, I hope; by your Leave only.

[Going by him.]

Sir Tim. Whither wou'd you pass, Friend?

Pinch. Only that way a little—just in at that Door, that's all—I shall meet with some of the Family; I won't trouble you, Sir.

Sir Tim. Sir, I have undertaken the discussing your Business my self, and 'till I have made some further Progress in it the Family shall not be met with,—No, Sir, by the most Potent and Serene Cham they shall not.

Pinch. Pray, Sir, let me tell you, this is very uncivil, Sir,—I don't know but I may be in haste, and so forth, and may have Occasion to speak with a dear Friend that lies dangerously sick in the House.

Sir Tim. The Mansion is salubrious and healthy; but if it were not, may I suppose you to be a Maker up, or Preparer

pater of Medicines, or, as the *Western Language* renders it, an Apothecary?

Pinch. Bite ! Od I've a good Mind,—'twas at my Tongue's End. [Softly aside.]

Sir Tim. Ha ! What is it thou pronouncest in secret ?

Pinch. Nothing, nothing in the Universe, but only that I beg the Favour of a Word or two with Sir *Timothy Tallapoy* : — That's all, as I hope to breathe Sir.

Sir Tim. Prodigious ! How enormously he varies his Fable ! — Say on. I am he, — tho' thou knew'st it before, thou biting Viper thou ! I am he — pronounce, say on.

Pinch. Oh dear ! this is worse and worse ! — You he ! alas ! I wou'd you were but —

Sir Tim. Speak, what ?

Pinch. Your self Sir, that's all, only a friendly Wish, I wou'd you were your own Man.

Sir Tim. Soho ! My faithful Servants, approach ; — I'll teach you to bite one of the worshipful Oriental Traders in his own Mansion. — Wouldst thou infer that I am distract'd, of a Mind not fit to negotiate ? Sirrah ! I have been thought fit to negotiate and drink Tea with the most excellent Governor of *Canton*, nay with the Viceroy, and the learned *Lipous*.

Pinch. Look ye Friend, I don't say any Body's mad, but these are odd Circumstances, and *Moorfields* is a good Air for People that lose Places — when one comes about Bus'ness, to be interrupted, and interrogated, and bambouzed, and not suffer'd to —

Sir Tim. So ho ! my Servants !

Enter Servants.

Pinch. Pshaw ! This is a Jest-indeed ! hey day ! what's the meaning of all this ? Look ye, my Name's Squire *Pinch*, I come to marry Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*'s Daughter.

Sir Tim. Dost thou bite me with the Name of mine Allie ! — Seize on him, the Wretch ! [They lay hold on him.]

Pinch. This is damn'd foolish, faith and troth ! — Look ye, I am Sir *Peter Pinch*'s Son and Heir, — I

make themselves merry with the most excellent Oriental Nations: This Mansion was not built to receive those People that scoff at the Cham of Tartary.

Pinch. Oh dear Sir, far be it from me, Sir, to think it was, Sir; I can't think it was built with any such knavish Design—I am strangely tempted to bite him. [Aside.]

Sir Tim. I am therefore prompted to ask what Affair or Negotiation might induce you to enter here.

Pinch. This is most execrably impertinent. [Aside.] Affair, Sir? why really I have an Affair.

Sir Tim. Ay! discus to me of what Nature.

Pinch. Nature, Sir? If I cou'd come to the Speech of the proper Person — — —

Sir Tim. I notifie to you that I am the most proper Person of any one within these Walls to whom you may unfold your Bus'ness.

Pinch. Look ye, Sir that isn't the matter—I don't say but you may be very proper for ought I know, but my Bus'ness at present lies more properly with the Gentleman of the House.

Sir Tim. Then I notifie to you again that it lies with me—come, bar Biting, and begin.

Pinch. Good luck! it's much the Loss of a Place shou'd do this. [Aside.]

Pray, Sir; no Harm, I hope; by your Leave only.

[Going by him.]

Sir Tim. Whither wou'd you pass, Friend?

Pinch. Only that way a little—just in at that Door, that's all—I shall meet with some of the Family; I won't trouble you, Sir.

Sir Tim. Sir, I have undertaken the discussing your Busness my self, and 'till I have made some further Progress in it the Family shall not be met with,—No, Sir, by the most Potent and Serene Cham they shall not.

Pinch. Pray, Sir, let me tell you, this is very uncivil, Sir,—I don't know but I may be in haste, and so forth, and may have Occasion to speak with a dear Friend that lies dangerously sick in the House.

Sir Tim. The Mansion is salubrious and healthy; but if it were not, may I suppose you to be a Maker up, or Preparer

pater of Medicines, or, as the *Western Language* renders it, an Apothecary?

Pinch. Bite ! Od I've a good Mind,—'twas at my Tongue's End.

[*Softly aside.*]

Sir Tim. Ha ! What is it thou pronounceit in secret ?

Pinch. Nothing, nothing in the Universe, but only that I beg the Favour of a Word or two with Sir *Timotby Tallapoy* :—That's all, as I hope to breathe Sir.

Sir Tim. Prodigious ! How enormously he varies his Fable ! — Say on. I am he,—tho' thou knew'st it before, thou biting Viper thou ! I am he—pronounce, say on.

Pinch. Oh dear ! this is worse and worse ! — You he ! alas ! I wou'd you were but —

Sir Tim. Speak, what ?

Pinch. Your self Sir, that's all, only a friendly Wish, I wou'd you were your own Man.

Sir Tim. Soho ! My faithful Servants, approach ;— I'll teach you to bite one of the worshipful Oriental Traders in his own Mansion. — Wouldst thou infer that I am distract'd, of a Mind not fit to negotiate ? Sirrah ! I have been thought fit to negotiate and drink Tea with the most excellent Governor of *Canton*, nay with the Viceroy, and the learned *Lipous*.

Pinch. Look ye Friend, I don't say any Body's mad, but these are odd Circumstances, and *Moorfields* is a good Air for People that lose Places——when one comes about Bus'ness, to be interrupted, and interrogated, and bambouzed, and not suffer'd to —

Sir Tim. So ho ! my Servants !

Enter Servants.

Pinch. Pshaw ! This is a Jeft-indeed ! hey day ! what's the meaning of all this ? Look ye, my Name's Squire *Pinch*, I come to marry Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*'s Daughter.

Sir Tim. Dost thou bite me with the Name of mine Allie !—Seize on him, the Wretch ! [They lay hold on him.]

Pinch. This is damn'd foolish, faith and troth !—Look ye, I am Sir *Peter Pinch*'s Son and Heir, — I

am a Man of Wit and Pleasure, I understand the Town, and I won't be us'd so, for ne'er a Mace-bearer nor a Mad-man in Moscow.

Sir Tim. Incontinently I think thou art distracted thy self; but it suffices me that I know thee to be a Biter, the Name that comprehends all kind of Villainy — Cou'd the right-worshipful and most sincere, my Friend, Sir Peter Pinch, a Man of his most categorical Principles, engender a Biter! impossible! out, thou Impostor!

Pinch. So ho! what's there no body here to take one's part! Sir Timothy Tallapoy!

Sir Tim. Hold him fast.

Enter Mariana and Mrs. Clever.

Clev. The Lovers will be past reprieving presently — I left 'em mumbling over Matrimony with as much Eagerness, as if they were to be happy in good earnest.

Mar. Very well; now for our Cue here — Matters have happen'd as we cou'd have wish'd —

Sir Tim. Most exceeding fair, and my very good Friend, my propitious Stars have directed me to the Discovery of a notorious Imposture, and your excellent Persons come very opportunely to behold my Justice.

Pinch. Well, Friend, if he be never so much your Master, and the individual numerical Sir Timothy, I am as much the individual numerical Squire Pinch, as he is the individual numerical Sir Timothy Tallapoy.

[To the Servants.

Mar. I must confess he has a strange designing kind of a Face — I shou'd be very cautious of trusting such a sort of a Man upon his bare Word.

Clev. Dear Sir Timothy have a Care of him, methinks I see Biting written in his very Forehead.

Sir Tim. Madam, the sage Orientals are not easily bit.

Pinch. Oh Ladies, your humble Servant — very foolish, faith and troth! — Now you shall see, Friend,

—these

these Ladies know me. —— Madam, here's really a foolish Adventure.

Clev. What does he mean? he addresses his Discourse to us. — Bless me, I'm afraid he's distracted — how he looks! For Goodness sake don't come too near him. — They say 'tis as bad as Poison to be bit by a Madman.

Sir Tim. It is, Madam, what we may properly call an egregious degree of Folly mixt with an egredious degree of Impudence — 'tis what the Learned in the Western Nations call a Complication.

Pinch. Pshaw! phoo! this is all fooling! Ladies! Madam! here are a whimsical Set of People would persuade me my Name isn't *Pinch*.

Sir Tim. I told your Ladyship what he drives at, he wou'd bite me under a wrong Name.

Mar. And pray, Sir, — oh dear — hold him fast, — is your Name *Pinch*?

Pinch. Bite! Bite! Madam.

Sir Tim. You see, most excellent Lady, you see what he wou'd be at.

Mar. And do you really think, Sir, your Name is *Pinch*?

Pinch. Nay, Madam, I tell you I'm like to be us'd scurvily — this is all ridiculous! Speak Truth now — why as if you didn't know one! — This is Biting indeed!

Clev. Bless me! my Dear! did you ever see this Man before?

Mar. Never with my Eyes, Madam, — Sir *Timothy*, let me conjure you to have a care, there is certainly some very villainous Design laid against you, this is some Plot.

Pinch. What is the meaning of all this? — Didn't I come down in the Coach with you to-Day? Mrs. *Mariana*! Madam.

Clev. The confident Wretch! He has got your Name too — Hark ye, Friend, what good does it do you now to counterfeit another Body's Name? Why you cou'dn't think but it must needs be found out at last, and

and then you know the Law is very severe in these Cases.

Mar. 'Tis very probable he had his Eye upon the young Lady's Fortune.

Pinch. Why this is downright making a Fool of one : I thought you had been more a Gentlewoman.

Sir Tim. Bohee ! Do you [To a Servant, and your Fellows take care to confine him in the Cellar — I will supplicate the Mandarins of Justice that Punishment may be inflicted according to his Demerits —— Away with him.

Mar. I never saw the like in my Life.

Sir Tim. Madam, we live in a flagitious biting Age, and a biting Climate —— Away with him —— For my part I wish I were well turn'd of the Cape of Good-hope.

Pinch. Prythee be quiet, Friend — Talk of putting one in a Cellar ! Phoe ! what a Jest is that ? Nay I won't stir a Foot, that's flat —— Help ! Murder ! Ladies ! Why you won't ? What, will you pull one's Arm off ? You'll answer all this — If ever I bite any Body again — pray — stay — hear me — [Servants force him off.

Mar. Upon my Word I am heartily frighten'd ; he made a most terrible Noise — I believe the best way will be to get him out of the House.

Sir Tim. Fear nothing, Lady, I will so muzzle him.

Clev. That he can neither bite nor bellow, 'tis the best Course you can take with him.

Mar. Well, of all the disagreeable things one meets with, nothing is so shocking to me as a Biter — You meet with nothing of this kind in *China*, Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. Twou'd be Felony, without Benefit of the Clergy.

Mar. Well, they are a polite People ! — how agreeably graceful is that Habit of Sir *Timothy*'s, what an Image of the Eastern Wisdom it gives us !

Sir Tim. They are certainly a great People ; Arts began with them — It is thought the necessary Sciences of Eating and Drinking were discover'd some Ages among them, before they were known in Europe.

Clev.

Clev. Concerning Beards and their Management I have heard indeed —

Sir Tim. The whole Oeconomy of the Beard was treated of Seven Thousand Years ago, by a learned Chinese Philosopher, in Fifteen Volumes.— Ah, Madam, migh I but hope for the Pleasure of seeing your Ladyship in the most glorious City of Peking. I wou'dn't come hither again to be Emperor of the West.

Mar. We Women are born to obey— Sir Timothy may be sure I shall follow my Husband all the World over.

Sir Tim. Happy ! happy Man will he be.

Enter Angelica, Friendly *disguis'd*, Scribblescrabble with Writings.

Ang. Here's a Gentleman enquires for your Ladyship. [To Mariana.

Mar. Sir Timothy, this is my Relation, in whose Behalf we are to do the charitable Deed I spoke to you of.

Sir Tim. Sir, you are honour'd! — Your Character is Affinity with the Illustrious.

Friend. Sir, I have always conceiv'd as much.

Ang. Oh gemini! the Thing is done. [To Clever aside. and I vow I am glad 'tis over. I wou'dn't have it to do again for all the World — Mr. Friendly did look so upon one, and my Heart did go so pit-a-pat all the while.

Clev. Hush! be quiet now. You shall talk to me of it for Two Hours together by and by.

Sir Tim. Are the Deeds drawn according to your Ladyship's Command and Direction?

Mar. Exactly, if you do us the Honour to concur, the Matter is at an End.

Scrib. You deliver this as your Act and Deed, Sir, for the Use of this Gentleman?

Sir Tim. I do, Sir, with my full Intentions.

[Mariana and Sir Tim. execute the Deed. and wish much Happiness may hereby redound and accrue to him.

Friend. Sir, I must always acknowledge you the Author

thor of my Happiness, and will take an Opportunity to convince you of my Gratitude.

Enter Lady Stale, and Clerimont.

Stale. Tell not me, Mr. Clerimont, I'm not to be fobbd off so — I'll find him out, if he be above Ground.

Cler. Why, I tell you he's just now upon making his Fortune, and you'll ruin all.

Stale. I tell you I'll have him whole and sole, as the Law directs, with all his Ways, Water-courses, Easements and Appurtenances, I'll not bate him an Inch.

Cler. [To Friendly.] Look ye, Sir, the Matter is gone as far as 'twill bear, and you have nothing to do now but to make good the Ground we have got for you.

Sir Tim. What is the Meaning of this? What does this Lady's Passion import?

Mar. Some Weeping and much Talking, I believe. Ten to One but she tells us more of her Mind.

Sir Tim. Madam, may I enquire — [To Lady Stale.]

Stale. Sir, I am reduc'd to the last Extremity, I am defeated and evil entreated, I am *desespéré*, by the most inconstant Person —

Friend. That ever had the Honour to be in fair Lady's Favour. [Pulling off his Disguise]

Stale. Oh are you there, Sir? 'Tis exceeding well indeed! I am given to understand that you are faithless, Sir; that you are false, Sir, that you are making your Body over, by a Marriage Contract, to the Daughter of Sir Timothy Tallapoy, in order to defraud me, your lawful Creditor, of my natural Dues and Perquisites.

Sir Tim. How, most exceeding fair Lady, are there Machinations against your most faithful humble Servant? Is your Relation Mr. Friendly? [To Mariana.]

Mar. Since the matter is out, 'tis most certainly so, my Relation is Mr. Friendly, or Mr. Friendly is my Relation, you may take it either Way.

Sir Tim. But Madam!

Mar. But Sir Timothy! I hope you won't quarrel with him for that: Hark ye, let me talk with you a little.

[Takes him aside.]

Friend. And does common Fame really say all this?

Stale.

Stale. Ay marry does it, to thy Shame, thou Traitor!

Friend. Look ye, for the matter of the Matrimony 'tis too true ; but for the other part, I stand up for my Constancy, and do aver I was never false in my Life ; for my Trial I put my self upon my Country here present, and your Ladyship may go on with the Evidence as soon as you see fit.

Stale. Oh Wretch ! do'st thou not expect the House shou'd fall down upon thee this Instant ?

Friend. No, I trust in the Timber-work.

Stale. Oh thou Wickedness incarnate ! How often hast thou look'd upon me and smil'd, and then smil'd and look'd upon me again ?

Friend. Very often truly, being for the most part of a merry Disposition, as the worshipful Bench here know.

Stale. But say how often amorously, say, speak truth, if thou dar'st.

Friend. Never. *Clev.* A short Answer that.

Stale. Madam, I believe he has squeez'd this poor Hand ————— [Crying.]

Ang. Did you squeeze that filthy bony thing ? You shan't touch mine.

Stale. 'Till I have been forc'd to cry, oh !

Clev. Very barbarous that, in my Mind.

Cler. But no Sign of Love.

Clev. Oh none at all.

Stale. Didn't you promise me to put me out of my Pain before to-morrow ; out of my Pain, I stick to that ?

Friend. And Faith, I think I have been as good as my Word ; the Devil's in't if you don't know what to trust to now.

Stale. Ah ! thou art a Fellow of sweet Principles ! but I know what you want, you want to put me in a Fit, do you ? but I'll do my best to keep it down. [Sobbing.] Oh ! how it heaves ! how it heaves here ! Dear Clever, ease my Lace quickly, or I shall drop down, I am not able to bear it.

Cler. Nay, Madam, he's a most perfidious Wretch, that's certain ; but since you see there is no good to be done with him, you had much better retire before you fall into

a fresh Disorder; you'll only give him an occasion of a malicious Grin.

Clev. Mr. Clerimont tells you true; these Rattle-headed young Fellows don't know how to value a discreet elderly Passion.

Stale. Ah, *Clever*, thou art certainly in the right. I'll leave him to his Flirt! Well, this is my Fifteenth Misfortune of this kind since I have been a Widow—But I'll retire into the Country this Instant I'm resolv'd, and mind good Books, and making Sweetmeats and Salves, and never trust in a Man of Five and Twenty again.

Friend. And will she go? Will the dear Creature go?

[Exit *Lady Sta'*

Ang. Well, I'll swear you're a cross-grain'd ill-natur'd thing, I'll vow I've a good Mind to hate you.

Friend. What, for sacrificing all to you, you dear little Creature!

Ang. Be quiet, can't you! Don't you see my Father?

Sir Tim. Well, Madam, you see your Power over your Slave—Mr. *Friendly*, as this Lady has done you the Honour to intercede for you, I declare I receive you as my Son-in-law, and will make good what I seal'd to ~~for~~ my Daughter's Fortune—I hope you are no Bitter.

Friend. A most profess'd Enemy to all Fools of that kind.

Sir Tim. I like you the better, you may come to good.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Peasant *Gregory Grumble*, who was imprison'd in the Cellar, notifies to your Worthiness, that the Person last committed is the very real Esquire *Pinch*, his Master.

Sir Tim. Ha! say'ſt thou! the Circumstance displeaseth — Let him be releas'd. I am glad my Daughter is not bitten however—It must be of great Grief to his Parents, to hear that he taketh unto Biting after this manner.

Enter *Pinch*.

Pinch. Look ye, Gentlemen and Ladies; this is mighty fine,

fine, very exceeding fine; here have *Gregory* and I been put in a Cellar among old Shoes, broken Bottles, and wicker Baskets, for no manner of substantial reason in the Earth.

Sir Tim. Young Gentleman, the Disaster has been of your own seeking. I am sorry to say it, but tho' you were Ten times the Son of my Friend Sir Peter Pinch, and a Biter, I woud not affie my Daughter to you.

Pinch. Ha!—you may take your Daughter and stop your—I woudn't marry her an she were a Cherubin.

Mar. For ought I see 'tis well the matter has happen'd as it has, since the only one thing that ever Sir *Timothy* and Mr. *Pinch* could have agreed in, woud have been in not liking one another.

Pinch. Well perhaps 'twas, and perhaps twan't, Madam. Look ye, I desire you not to concern your self about me, I shan't concern my self about you, poz.

Mar. Why this is all right again, for we are certainly agreed as to that matter too; however I promise to wear a Willow for your sake, when I hear you are sped.

Pinch. Well, well, you may wear what you please. I believe I know what your Husband will wear, sweet Madam Nimble-Chops.

Mar. Don't be in a Choler, and I'll bring you acquainted with my Husband. Sir *Timothy*, it is some time since that I have had a very particular Esteem for your Family.

Sir Tim. Madam, you confer Honour.

Mar. And in order to make my self a Part of it, about a Week ago I was marry'd to this Gentleman, your Nephew. [Pointing to Clerimont.]

Sir Tim. How, to my Nephew! oh thou most perfidious! is it possible?

Cler. The thing is most certainly so, Sir.

Sir Tim. Is it so, Sir? why then the World is all false, there is nothing but Villainy, Biting—Jilting—

Pinch. Bite! What, art thou bit at last, Old Boy, Old Fobus, ha!

Sir Tim. Get thee out of my Doors this Minute, thou

thou most egregious wretched Puppy, or I will so batter
that Scull of thine——

Pinch. Hold, keep the Peace—take away his Stick—
what d'ye mean, ha! what wou'd you be at? d'ye think
Heads are made for nothing but to be broke? Very
pretty Sport, truly.

Mar. Come, Sir *Timothy*, be pacify'd; I fancy we
shall agree much better as Uncle and Niece, than as
Man and Wife.

Sir Tim. Oh thou false Creature! I am enrag'd, and
wish all the Western World was on Fire—— But I'll
take Post for the *East-Indies* this Instant, and never con-
verse with Man, Woman or Child again, that was born
on this side the *Cape of Good-hope*. [Exit *Sir Tim.*

Clev. Let him go; we shall find some way to molli-
fy him, I warrant you, when the first Heat is over.

Short are the passionate Fits of Love, and Rage,
Which warm the sickly Veins of feeble Age,
And tho' the Flame

Blaze out, and for a Moment seems to rise,
Yet soon the Fuel fails, and then it dies.

[*Extunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



er
—
k
ry
ve
as
nd
'll
n-
rn
m.
lli-

res